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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*Female Beauty, as Preserved and Improved by Regimen, Cleanliness, and Dress.* By Mrs. A. Walker. All that regards Regimen and Health being furnished by Medical Friends, and revised by Sir A. Carlisle. Hurst.

*My Book, or the Anatomy of Conduct.* By J. H. Skelton. Simpkin & Marshall.

*The Book of Health and Beauty, or the Toilet.* Thomas.

*The Honours of the Table; with Hints on Carving.* Glasgow, Symington.

*The Art of Duelling.* By a Traveller. Thomas.

We are so frequently called upon to examine works like those here thrown together, that the ameness has become fatiguing; and were this repetition less insupportable than it is, to the critic, and to the reader, the very numbers would preclude the possibility of attending to all, each in its due time and season. The existence of such a class is, however, among the peculiarities of the times we live in, marking a new phase in society, and thence deriving an importance that belongs not either to their scope and object, or to the general merit of their execution. On the present occasion, therefore, we shall use the title-pages rather as a text to introduce our own notions, than with the intention of offering any very detailed account of their respective contents.

The aspect of the age in which we live, is one of infinite curiosity; its phenomena are so multitudinous, so various, and so contradictory, that to appreciate them justly would be an evidence of no small progress in philosophical studies. The state of literature, more especially,—the ardent and assiduous culture of the positive sciences, the multiplicity of works concerning all that is routine, mechanical, and didactic, with the total prostration of every branch of speculative writing—are facts in apparent contradiction, and only to be reconciled by a very subtle analysis. On what does the successive progress and civilization of nations depend? To what must we refer the actual state and condition of the public mind, in reference to literature and philosophy?

Man, accustomed to pride himself on his reasoning powers, and perpetually seeking to add a cubit to his moral stature, has somewhat over-estimated their value; and is too prone to keep out of sight the influence of those purely animal impulses which precede reflection. Highly as we habitually think of reason, as the regulator of conduct, it is far from being the most general, or the safest guide. Champfort has finely remarked, that the few traces of nature which are still discoverable in the social animal, are referable to the passions; and there can be no hesitation in admitting, that the impulses derived from sensation, or from the intuitive inferences we draw from sensation, are for the most part more trustworthy than the deliberate volitions proceeding from logical judgments. In proportion as we are driven to seek truth through complicated trains of reasoning, we find their results (with one only exception) to be less convincing and certain. "Si quidem dialectica quæ recepta est," says Bacon, "licet ad civilia et artes, quæ in sermone et opinione positæ sunt, rectissime adhibeatur, nature tamen subtilitatem longo intervallo non attingit; et prensando quod non capit, ad errores potius stabiliendos, et quasi

figendos, quam ad viam veritatis opinendam valuit." How, then, can we act congruously, where we understand imperfectly?

The importance of the instinctive impulses is much increased by the circumstance, that while reason is principally occupied on what already is, or perhaps has been, the instincts have a sort of prospective activity. To them, society is principally indebted for its onward march,—for its appetencies after a better order of things, than that with which experience has made it acquainted; in so far, that it would be difficult to mention a single instance of practical amendment of institutions, to which the instincts of the masses have not led the way, and preceded the reasonings of speculative politicians. It is not, indeed, till considerable progress has been made in such revolutions, that they become objects of investigation, and are subjected to the analysis, direction, and control of a reflex philosophy. The tendency of reflective reason, is, on the contrary, more favourable to a stationary condition of things. Previously to the invention of printing, at least, professional thinkers were usually taken from amongst the retainers of establishments; and although, since that event, thought has (so to speak) fallen more into the hands of the people, it has, as far as regards moral investigations, been too closely manacled to become the agent of much real improvement.

Applying these remarks to our own age, the first thing that strikes us is the peculiar social and political condition of the masses. The philosophy of Bacon, by the intense light it has thrown upon nature, has developed scientific power, in a degree, as sudden as it is stupendous. It has multiplied the useful arts, complicated social arrangements, and effected a corresponding revolution even in the most vulgar and rude industries. What, more especially, altered the relations of capital and labour, and changed the laws by which wealth is distributed? This increase of power, though pregnant with beneficial effects, has not yet produced a corresponding increase of human happiness; on the contrary, it has for the moment engendered discontent and disquietude. For power is the instrument of good, only as it is placed at the disposition of knowledge and of virtue. So far, however, have the speculative sciences been from keeping pace with the physical, that they have even retrograded. It is sufficient to cast a retrospective glance at the literature and the history of the two last centuries, to be satisfied, that both as respects the energies of individuals, and the pervading power of distinguishing right from wrong, the men of our own times have fallen back; and that it is vain to look among them, for that singleness of purpose, that persevering determination, or that strong conception of the just and the fitting, of the dignity of man, and the sanctity of the higher social obligations, which are discoverable in the better protagonists of the civil wars. The consequence is, that society is not morally on the level of its physical position; and that, with an increased latitude of action, it possesses a diminished capability of direction, an inferior judgment, and a more vacillating volition. This is witnessed by a multitude of prevailing errors, political and economical; or, to speak more feelingly, in an uneasy irritability, turning all classes aside from the steady pursuit of their real interests.

Upon the operative classes,—the basement story of society, sustaining the whole pressure of all above them,—the resulting sum of evil falls with accumulated energy; and the intolerable sense of suffering brings home to them a conviction of their own helplessness, and a desire for a better education, as a means of bettering their condition. To assert that this has been brought home to them by a review of the chain of facts and inferences through which we have endeavoured to lead the reader, would be a great mistake. It is much, if a few of the leading spirits of the times, or of those whom circumstances have favoured, have attained to the just appreciation of them. But it is not the less certain, that by a shorter, and, perhaps, a surer process, the masses have been brought to feel and to act pretty nearly as if they had thus reasoned.

Such, as it seems to us, is the *rationale* of the intellectual condition and wants of the great body of the people, who, under the pressure of a vague sense of the error of their social position, are thrown out of themselves, in search of some species of knowledge, which, (without understanding its precise nature,) they intuitively perceive to be essential to their improvement. It is in reference to such instincts, we presume, that the maxim was put forward, which declares the voice of the people to be the voice of God;—for *they* are the voice of nature, a result of physiological laws, and independent of individual wills. When the people speak the language of their superiors, they but parrot their teachers; but when they pour forth the spontaneous promptings of their own hearts, then, indeed, is their doctrine all but infallible, and their desires not to be disregarded with impunity.

While a strong impulse has been propelling the masses in pursuit of additional acquirements, urging them to the abandonment of sensual and destructive habits, and extending the sphere of their inquiry beyond the narrow circle of their material wants, the superior classes have been artificially driven in a contrary direction. On the continent, Napoleon suppressed the culture of moral science, as being, in his opinion, opposed to good government—that is, to his own schemes of despotic rule. In these islands, a similar result has proceeded from the miscalculations of the aristocracy, which couple public tranquillity with catechetical instruction, a passive docility, and a general inapprehension of first principles. The events of the French Revolution have inspired an universal dread of inquiry; so that, to investigate the true, the just, or even the beautiful, in the moral world, is a title, if not to abhorrence, at least to contempt and neglect. The very professed friends of national education have fallen into this love of thinking, and have much misread the character of the popular demand for instruction. To understand the aspirations of the people, they must be read in such representatives of their ideas and feelings as the Corn-law Rhymers, and his fellow poets of the same walk of life. Of course, we do not allude to the specific nature of their religious or political doctrines, for that is, in degree, accidental, but to the depth of feeling, the extent of range, and boldness of inquiry, the love of truth, and the panting for universal happiness and good. These writers, it is true, are master spirits, and in advance of the classes to which they belong; but what they *know* analytically

and in detail, the rest *feel*, and seek to become better acquainted with. The class-books of education societies, the numbers of useful knowledge speculations, and the guide book volumes, of the class which stand at the head of this article, are therefore no exponents of the condition of the popular mind in these countries. That they are bought and read, is partly to be explained by the specific material facts which some of them contain, which, though not the immediate instruction required, are otherwise desirable; partly, too, by the general and unreasoning thirst for knowledge which repeated disappointment cannot repress; but most of all, from the wide-spreading prevalence of a habit of reading, which is by no means necessarily connected with a habit of thought. Notwithstanding all that has been said and done concerning popular education, the works sought after by the people, and really adapted to their wants, might be numbered on the fingers; and, in this respect, the people are better than their instructors. If we turn to the least-educated parts of these kingdoms, and examine, for instance, the Irish population, however much the inquirer may disapprove of the religious and political objects they are pursuing, he must acknowledge, that the spirit and perseverance with which they follow up their own views, the enormous sacrifices they make in the pursuit of what they think right, are indications of a moral development and intelligence greatly beyond what is displayed in the works addressed to them for their instruction, and which very few of them read. In this respect, the entire empire is in advance of its literature; and it would be a serious error to judge of what is passing in the minds of the people, by the empty trash which booksellers find it their interest to disseminate. If moral science has disappeared from our literature, and no longer enters into a gentleman's education, it does not the less lie at the bottom of the popular intellect as the object of a vague aspiration. Reason, then, and instinct may be at variance, and a striking contrast between the progress of civilization, and the progress of literature, may be discovered at particular epochs. The civilization is the sum of the popular intuitions, the literature is an expression merely of reflex thought, and that chiefly of the classes comparatively at their ease, and less called upon for deep and continued mental activity. Among all classes, indeed, material science is pursued for its material results. The man of science is as much a tradesman as the butcher or the carpenter—both alike are eager after pounds, shillings, and pence. But, for moral speculation, there is no market—that is to say, none for the trading author, or, at best, only a market for a spurious and feeble kind; and such accordingly is the supply. In the physical sciences, there is no speculation so abstract as to be incapable of a practical application: physical science is, therefore, adopted as a highway to wealth. In moral science, on the contrary, the more abstract the more suspicious, and the more suspicious the less vendible. Much matter-of-fact information, therefore, may co-exist with a low degree of general culture.

There is yet a more familiar mode of expressing the general fact. The edifice of the popular mind is built up by the instrumentality of things—that of the classes above them is raised principally by the tuition of books. The education of the former is less that of thoughts than of feelings. Their ideas, eliminated by the pressure of circumstances, are at once more vivid and accurate, than the transmitted impressions taken from books. Their intelligence, as far as it goes, is more piercing, and their generalizations (though less abstract) are more precise. It is thus, that those among the people who read

least, may be intellectually superior to those who read a good deal; and it is probable, that a large portion of public opinion owes nothing to literature, except as it is propagated at second-hand, through newspapers and other journals; but, in the first instance, it is spread by oral communication from those who have learned at the fountain-head of nature itself. Looking, for example, at the immense change in the public mind which has occurred since the termination of the war, the fact forces itself on our conviction, that this change has been propagated upwards; and that the doctrines now prevalent, existed as matters of feeling widely among the masses, before they were reduced to demonstration, recorded in books, and adopted by the few.

The march of knowledge may then be considered as running along two distinct highways, the one popular, the other scientific; while the great body of trading literature belongs neither to the one or the other, but addresses itself to the feeblest, the most passive, and the most practically ignorant portions of the community. In these kingdoms, the pursuit of wealth is so absorbing an occupation, that little leisure is left for the acquirement of even the most necessary theory: there is, consequently, an incessant demand for short cuts to the humbler sorts of information; while, for the principles of art or of science, the demand is very limited. Much and acutely as the labouring portion of the people may feel, those immediately above them, engaged in the routine of shopkeeping cares, are as remarkable for neither feeling nor thinking very intensely. Their opinions are, for the most part, borrowed and inconsequent; and though taste and leisure might induce some of them to dip into the science of things, their minds are not disciplined for general investigations.

If any doubt be entertained on this point, it will suffice to run the eye over the first catalogue of new publications, or of booksellers' advertisements that comes to hand: the vast majority will be found to consist of works calculated to convey information of the very humblest order, if not to disseminate futilities or to propagate delusions. Again, a large portion is printed for the use of the female part of the community, whose intellects are, upon system, crippled and palsied.

From these considerations, we may infer the certain failure of that favourite scheme of subaltern Machiavellis, the depriving the people of a sufficient education. The education of books, indeed, they may suppress, or they may poison the wells, when they cannot conceal them; but the education of things is so far beyond their control, that it prevails in the direct proportion to their attempts to crush it. But it is a great misfortune to society, when the two are not permitted to progress together; and when a large barrier of ignorance is suffered to grow up in the middle classes of society, to insulate and separate from contact and mutual intelligence the two orders of minds, in which each training respectively predominates. It is this insulation, in our opinion, which should especially be blamed for the failure of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, as a means for advancing the education of the people. The gentlemen who were, to a limited extent, influential in the management, knew little or nothing of what was passing among the operatives: they withheld the moral sciences, lest they should become political levers; and they were not aware that the pupils were empirically, or rather intuitively, possessed of the dangerous and prohibited truths; and that the greatest risk they ran of misusing them occurred precisely through the want of that scientific instruction which was purposely withheld. In the

meantime, the middle classes, the natural allies of order and peace against the encroachments of both rich and poor, are, by their intellectual nullity, liable to be corrupted or seduced to aid the evil designs of either—to swell the ranks of anarchists, or to become the willing agents of despotism.

If we may judge from the character of the literature of the French middle classes, they are considerably in advance of the English. The number of French works addressed to the lowest order of intellect, and calculated to amuse and to lull rather than to awaken and energize, is proportionately much less; and even the very humblest of the reading classes would reject the miserable, unidea'd rubbish, which may be found encumbering the bookshelves of even respectable families with us. A question, however, may arise, how far such books, being in demand, may not, by their very adaptation to the general intellect, serve a useful purpose—whether, in fact, such reading be not better than none at all. This is a question difficult to answer, the influences of literature being of so mixed a nature. But taking this class of publications as effects, and not as causes, they clearly indicate the existence of a very vicious order of things, and prove that there is much yet to be learned or to be applied in the conduct of national education. That works calculated to degrade mind, or to administer to its insipid mediocrity, should be a profitable speculation, is a great evil, and indicates a fearful defect in the public intelligence. Were the people educated as they might be, were their minds trained to think and to criticize, and not to be mere passive recipients, superficial and bad books must disappear: as it is, reading and writing is much more an accomplishment, than a means of mental discipline, and literary indulgence too frequently mere idleness and dissipation.

Of the works whose titles we have enumerated, Mrs. Walker's, in its kind, is by far the best. If there be frivolity in its subject, and a little quackery in its execution, there is still some common-sense in the greater part of its observations. There is also a considerable portion of the work which will prove novel to the parties addressed; we mean that which treats of the tasteful adjustment of dress to the circumstances of the wearer. If it will not go far in forming the minds of its fair readers, it will sometimes awaken thought, while it may communicate a useful hint, remove a prejudice, and open a train of ideas available in their little sphere of pleasing and being pleased.

For the other four works, they are altogether beneath criticism; and the last, upon duelling, utterly disgusting, for its cant terms, its deliberate instruction in the art of murder, and for the heartless sophistry in defence of the practice. If religion and law are not mere abstractions, if society be anything beyond a den of thieves, the work, which professes to teach cowards how they may reduce the ordeal of the pistol to a certainty, and to commit outrages with impunity, must be regarded as a positive offence against public decency.

#### *Ireland.—Picturesque and Romantic.* By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. Longman.

Mr. Ritchie, and Messrs. Creswick and McClintock (now, as last year, his companion artists), bring their labours on Ireland to a close in the present volume of *The Picturesque Annual*. We shall speak of the three in company: for, in spite of Mr. Ritchie's preface, we are hardly won to admit that a drawing-room-table book is the fittest place for the discussion of Irish miseries and English remedies for the same; and we shall, therefore, in looking over his letter-press,

pass over which peasant's nestly system, and an more re to dwell handson and ora he deliv At c the tou tening Melliho one of scenes, we find and the with its was too therefor author of tion of Creswic Castle, The art and wh general drawing we men may co Carrick: gular, ancient makes from GI Irish gi shelter than th somewh of Irelan rarer th In th the hun for a re "A p named I schools, in the ial ga. H ends, as the 'Col ledge po pomea as The r the way the Vic this an another the man Scott,) points a tions. Bally prospero trade, ru blamme "The shewher pecially efficiency the coast and for Lieutenan guard, w glem of chely. American police, or good bol in warni and dete



pass over those saddening and sober pages in which he dwells upon the desolate estate of the peasantry of the Emerald Isle, pleading earnestly for the establishment of the Poor-law system, and confine ourselves to the picturesque and anecdotal portions of his book. We are the more readily determined to take such a course—to dwell on the lighter matter contained in this handsome volume—by the somewhat too decided and oracular tone assumed by Mr. Ritchie when he delivers himself of his convictions.

At chapter the second, then, we start with the tourist for Drogheda, thence to Newry, listening by the way to his legend of the Miller of Mellifont, which is identical with the story of one of Barry Cornwall's most touching dramatic scenes, "The Broken Heart." At Newry again we find ourselves involved in "parish business," and therefore make a long skip to Downpatrick, with its neighbouring holy wells. Mr. Ritchie was too late to see a pilgrimage to these, and therefore draws upon an article by Mr. Hardy, author of "The Northern Tourist," for a description of the scene. Our next halt is at Mr. Creswick's vignette drawing of Carrickfergus Castle, so audaciously approached by Thurot. The artist is, as usual, picturesque and faithful, and when we have relieved our minds of one general exception to the excellence of his drawings, a slight porosity of texture, which we mention lest it pass into a mannerism, we may commend him without reserve. From Carrickfergus to Larne the road is wild and irregular, and the country still thickly haunted by ancient superstitions, of which Mr. Ritchie makes out a sufficient catalogue. On the road from Glenarm to Cushendall, he fell in with an Irish girl on a jaunting car, whose thanks for the shelter of an umbrella, delivered "with more than the grace of a peeress," led him to the somewhat wholesale conclusion, that in this part of Ireland, at least, courtesy to "the sex" is rarer than we have been used to believe.

In the little inn on Carey Mountains, where the hungry traveller was obliged to be thankful for a repast of potatoes and salt cod,—

"A peasant, who sate by the fire-side, was very learned in Irish history. He told me the number of schools, and even the number of scholars that were in the island a thousand years before the Christian era. He related also the principal Fingalian legends, and talked with admiration of a book called the 'Cosmogony of the World.' Such is the knowledge possessed by the Irish peasantry, when they possess any knowledge at all."

The remark, if sweeping, is also shrewd. By the way, "the cosmogony of the world" was the Vicar of Wakefield's favourite subject: and this anecdote of Mr. Ritchie's may serve as another to be added to the list of instances of the manner in which Goldsmith (like Sir Walter Scott) was indebted to reality, for the slightest points and circumstances introduced in his fictions.

Ballycastle, a pleasant little town, seems less prosperous now than in the days of the free-trade, recently very much checked by the establishment of the water-guard.

"The establishment of the water-guard here, as elsewhere, was attended by one mistake, which, especially on a coast like this, diminished much its efficiency. Instead of employing men who knew the coast, utter strangers were sent from England; and for some time smuggling went on as before. Lieutenant Seeds, however, the first chief of the guard, was a desperate fellow. He boarded smugglers of the largest class, and used his fire-arms freely. His fate was deeply tragic. One day a fine American vessel, either not aware of the new coast police, or presuming upon its own giant strength, stood boldly into the bay, and fired two guns either in warning or defiance. Seeds would not be warned, and determined not to be defied with impunity. He

got a small smack, manned her with eleven stout fellows, armed with muskets, pistols, and cutlasses, and stood boldly out to sea. The twelfth man belonging to his force was too late to get on board. He had waited a moment 'to dig a few potatoes for his wife' before embarking on the perilous enterprise; and, although the boat had only just left the quay when he reached the spot, Seeds swore that he should not be taken on board, but that the moment he returned he would have him broken. My informant heard the orders given by the lieutenant to his men, which were, that they were to lie flat on the deck till they reached their prize, and then fire a volley, and board in the smoke.

"Onward bounded the adventurous smack, and in glided the haughty American to meet her. No strife, no struggling, no firing, told of the collision. The smack disappeared from the face of the waters under her enemy's keel, and the smuggler continued her course into the bay stately and alone.

"Only one man rose. He was the owner of the smack, whom Seeds had tempted, with a large sum, to lend his vessel and his personal assistance. He succeeded in climbing up the chains, but his brains were immediately dashed out with a handspike. This victim's hat was found some time after on the opposite coast of Scotland, with his name inscribed in it. No smuggling of any consequence has taken place in the neighbourhood for the last three years."

Fairhead, the Grey Man's Path, and the balsaltic wonders of the Causeway, are next described. Mr. Creswick giving a striking representation of the former promontory. By Dunluce Castle,—a ruin, Mr. Ritchie tells us, more interesting on paper than in reality,—we pass over to Coleraine. Here the tourist gleaned one or two characteristic facts in the travellers' room at his inn.

"The lower classes are so bigoted to their customs, that the goods requisite for one part of the country are unobtainable in another. For instance, there are no white-handled knives to be seen south of a line drawn from Belfast to Coleraine; while to the north of that line there are none with black handles. Throughout the country, the knife which shows the iron at the end of its handle is preferred, the other not being sufficiently strong. The real Irish knife, made on purpose for Ireland, is that awkward-looking machine, with a blade at either end. For other classes of society the goods must be showy and cheap. It matters not for the quality, for whatever may be the difference in this respect between any two articles, a difference of five per cent. in the price will determine the purchase. I saw an order to an immense amount for scissors, at the rate of sixpence half-penny per dozen, the blades of which, in consequence of their not being tempered alike, would be useless in a week. Vast quantities of imitation silver, as might be expected, are sold in Ireland; and I heard of a gentleman giving twelve pounds for an article which in genuine silver would have only cost twenty pounds."

Mr. Ritchie beguiles the way from Dungiven to Londonderry, by speculating on the barbarous practice of abduction, which, sometimes taking place merely "as a form," as Lady Blarney would say, sometimes accompanied with every circumstance of brutality and degradation, is, he tells us, in some districts, a recognized preliminary of marriage. Here, too, the illustrations of the book increase in number. Mr. McClise gives us a wild Irish girl on the way to market, and some twenty pages further, a maiden in her holiday dress dancing a jig. The frontispiece, also by him, a lady at her devotions, is not, we fancy, an Irish lady. Mr. Creswick's drawings of Donegal Castle, a magnificent ruin, and Ballyshannon, are very beautiful. Sligo and Athlone—the latter with its narrow bridge and its muddy streets, and its tight little fortress, a jewel of a building, are next pleasantly described. In the streets of this town, on the evening of the market-day, Mr. Ritchie was treated with "a taste of the shillelah," or, in plain English, was knocked down and severely bruised, being mistaken, he supposes, for one of the red-coats of the fortress

aforesaid. His assailant, it appears, had not the good manners of the Italian bravo, who, having stilettoed the wrong man in the dark, exclaimed courteously, "*Scusa, Signor, ho fatto uno sbaglio.*" On the following morning, however, by way of compensation, Mr. Ritchie was treated with a genuine Irish blunder.

"While dressing I called the waiter, and said to him, 'waiter, I have broken the string of my waistcoat: pray, borrow a pin for me from the chambermaid.'

"A pin, Sir?" he replied, 'I will, Sir. Is it a *writing pin*, Sir?' This sentence contains as full a description and explanation of the Irish blunder as could be written in a volume. An Irishman blunders because he is too quick. His wits travel too fast, and overshoot the mark. He catches, or imagines he catches, your meaning, but does not make sure that he has done so by comparing the parts of the communication. If you ask for a *pin*, he does not take time to consider that at the moment you are standing with the broken parts of your dress in your hand, which a pin is required to fasten; and still less does he imagine that there is any connexion between the chambermaid from whom he has to ask it and this instrument. He is thinking of making out your bill, or of sending a challenge, or of feather beds, or of wild geese, or nothing at all at all, and he flies to bring you a *writing pin*, Sir."

The River Shannon, its scenery, and its capabilities, occupies the following chapters; in a subsequent one, Mr. Ritchie is something dogmatic, we cannot but think, concerning the spirit of the age, as evidenced in the decline of romance, and the rise and prosperity of the recent school of humourists. The latter pages of the book are chiefly occupied by Mr. Creswick, who has rarely been happier than in the series of views in which he exhibits the rich and varied beauties of "Killarney's Lake." In his preface, Mr. Ritchie announces, that his next year's wanderings will lead him along the valley of the Wye.

*Education in Russia*—[*Précis du Système, &c. de l'Instruction Publique en Russie*]. Compiled from official documents, by Alexander Krusenstern. Warsaw: London, Schloss.

HERE is another proof, scarcely required, that unless something be forthwith done towards improving and extending, or rather we should say creating, a National System of Education in England, this country must sink in the scale of civilization,—in those arts and manufactures, which depend in degree on knowledge, and are the right arm of its prosperity,—and from that moral pre-eminence which has hitherto distinguished it. It is of no use concealing the fact, that all other nations are taking the lead of us in this moral regeneration. We expressed heretofore, and now repeat our anxious hope, that the new reign and the new parliament will be distinguished by some measure on this all-important subject, worthy of the nation. It is perhaps the only glory that remains to be gathered, which can cast a lustre over the name and reign of our young Queen. The past and its triumphs is literally an old almanack; England has had a surfeit of glory, and hath closed, we would willingly hope for ever, "the purple testament of bloody wars." The new reign *must* be a reign of peace. Be it then immortal for its peaceful triumphs, distinguished above all for the progressive advance of civilization, and the diffusion of happiness, the diffusion of knowledge among all ranks and classes, teaching humility to the favourites of fortune, and self-respect to the humblest, and thus spreading peace and good-will, and a knowledge of, and therefore respect for, the common interest, throughout the nation.

The work before us, giving an historical and statistical account of the system of Public Instruc-

tion in Russia (!), has been compiled from official documents, by M. von Krusenstern, the son of the celebrated navigator.

In a well-written Introduction, he divides the history of public instruction in Russia into three periods. The first extends from the reign of Peter the Great to the accession of Catherine II. The genius of Peter, M. von Krusenstern observes, could not act in this instance with the same energy as in the other branches of the administration. During this period, therefore, nothing more was attempted than to establish, in proportion as they were required, ecclesiastical and elementary schools, but without following any fixed principles: after the year 1700, there were Greek and Latin schools, then naval and artillery schools in Petersburg, Nowgorod, Pskow, Saroslaw, Moscow, and Wologda. The opening of the Academy of Sciences, the foundation of the University of Moscow, the Academy of Arts, and many schools, took place under the reigns of the Empresses, his successors. In the second period, from the accession of Catherine II. to the end of the reign of Alexander, the union of intellectual and moral education began. The foundation of founding hospitals, soon after 1763, a school for the education of both sexes, the creation of a Central Board, the division of the schools into higher and lower, as well as the introduction of a general plan of instruction, were prominent events. The Emperor Alexander, by a manifesto of Sept. 8, 1802, ordered the creation of a department of public instruction, and a board of superintendence of schools. All the schools were henceforward divided into Parish Schools, District Schools, Gymnasias, and Universities. New universities, at Dorpat, Wilna, Casan, Charkow, and the Pedagogical Institution at St. Petersburg, were founded; and a district, containing a certain number of gymnasias, was assigned to each university. All classes of the nation are said to have manifested a noble emulation in seconding, by rich endowments, the views of the government. The third period commences at the accession of the reigning Emperor. That political considerations were mainly influential in the changes now effected, we do not doubt; but we here simply record the fact, that energetic measures were immediately taken by the new government. Indeed, according to M. von Krusenstern's report, the whole system of public instruction was re-organized, and made to harmonize more and more with the wants of the country, with the spirit of the nations who inhabit Russia, and with the peculiar position of the empire.

M. von Krusenstern has divided his account of this system, and the state of public instruction, into four chapters. The first treats of the department of public instruction, and is divided into six sections, viz. education in the public schools; education in private schools; domestic education; the normal schools for professors and teachers; the Imperial Academy of Sciences, the Russian Academy, the other learned societies, libraries, museums, &c., and the censorship: the second, of the military academies and schools; the third, of the ecclesiastical schools; and the fourth, of the special and other various schools.

From the first chapter it appears, that the system of academical districts,\* which was introduced in 1804, has been completed, by the foundation of the University of Kiev, and by a more convenient division; and that the division into parish schools, district schools, and gymnasias, has been retained. These schools, however, are now independent of each other, which was not the case previously to 1828, the lower schools serving

till that time, as a preparation for the higher. The parish schools are specially designed to diffuse elementary knowledge among the lower classes of the population; the district schools are to give the children of mechanics and traders an education, suitable to their condition; the gymnasias give the pupils a learned education, to qualify them to prosecute their studies at the university, and are connected with the Noble boarding schools, which are supported by private persons, but are under the control of the government. Relative to the universities, M. von Krusenstern has given an extract from the regulations of 25th July, 1835, and here, as in other places, added statistical tables, in great detail. We take from these the following data: in the year 1808, the University of Moscow had 49 professors and masters, and 135 students; in 1824, 59 teachers, and 280 students; in 1835, 120 teachers, and 419 students. Dorpat had in 1808, 37 teachers, and 193 students; in 1824, 39 teachers, and 365 students; in 1835, 68 teachers, and 567 students. The other academies or schools are enumerated according to the academical districts, accompanied with local observations, so that the reader has something more than a bare statement of figures. The number of schools dependent on the Minister of Public Instruction, has increased in the following proportion. There were—

In the year 1804:	499 Schools, and 33,481 Scholars.
1824:	1411                      69,629
1835:	1681                      85,707

These figures show, more clearly than words, the progress of instruction. In the last ten years, 440 schools have been either founded, or wholly remodelled; in the gymnasium, at Kasan, there are Mongol Buriats; and at Sympheropol an institution for the education of Tatar teachers has been founded. In the Transcaucasian provinces there were, in the year 1830, 4 schools, with 284 scholars; but in 1835, there were 15 schools, and 1285 scholars. Siberia has now in four governments, 2 gymnasias, 20 district schools, and 19 parish schools, with 2161 scholars; few indeed, in proportion to the extent of the country, but great, when we consider the difficulties of introducing into such a country a regular system of education.

The tendency of the measures that have been adopted by the government, in order to effect, as it is called, a greater uniformity in domestic education, is manifest enough; still, the fact remains, that the Russian government is anxiously exerting itself to educate the people, though the education given may not be conformable to our opinion of what it ought to be. Thus, since 1824 no person is permitted to receive into his house tutors or governesses from a foreign country, until they have proved, by the most authentic testimonials, both their qualifications as teachers, and the purity of their moral conduct. All private and domestic teachers are divided into two classes, (whom M. v. Krusenstern calls *Instituteurs* and *Précepteurs*); they are under the jurisdiction of the Minister of Public Instruction, and after having honourably completed their services, are entitled, according to the number of years they have been employed, to distinctions, rewards, and pensions. By an Imperial ordinance of 18th February, 1837, young Russians are not allowed to travel into foreign countries till they have completed their eighteenth year. An entirely foreign education is no longer permitted.

The sums of money which the department of public instruction has at its disposal, and which are derived partly from the public treasury, partly from the funds belonging to that department, amount to about 7,450,000 roubles per annum. The budget of the Academy of Sciences is 230,400 roubles per annum; and all the other

scientific institutions and museums are endowed with equal liberality. Out of the 85,707 scholars, about 25,000 are maintained at the expense of the crown.

The second chapter describes the military academies and schools:—first, the corps of cadets, under the Grand Duke Michael, in Tula, Moscow, Czarskojeselo, Nowgorod, and other towns; the military, artillery, and engineer schools, in which there are, in all, 8733 scholars. In the year 1832 the sum of 6,255,000 roubles was assigned them. Their history, from their foundation by Field Marshal Münnich, to the present time, and their internal arrangement—the clothing, subsistence, order of study, discipline, rewards and punishments, are fully detailed in the work before us. It is sufficiently evident that the encouragement of a military spirit, the scientific and moral education of the young men, and attachment to the person of the sovereign, are the basis of this military education. There are also in this chapter lists of the corps of naval cadets depending on the general staff of the navy, of the pilots of Cronstadt, and of the several battalions in training for the naval service,—in all 2224 persons; the expense in 1832 was 632,194 roubles:—an account of the schools for soldiers' children, and of the manner in which they are disposed of after they leave school. Their number in the year above mentioned was 179,981, and their maintenance cost the state about 1,800,000 roubles.

The third chapter treats of the ecclesiastical schools. The first class consists of those of the orthodox Greek Church, which are subordinate to the Holy Synod, and are inspected by a special commission. According to the ordinance of the 30th August, 1814, they are divided into three great academical districts,—St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kiev. In each of these there is an academy, on which the seminaries are dependent, which are for the most part in the capital towns of the governments. The lower schools are the district and parish schools in the small towns and villages. Till the year 1764 the expense of maintaining these was borne by the churches and convents; since that time they have received aid from the government, which has now increased to about 2,500,000 roubles. The number of pupils in all these schools, was last year, 58,556. A second class is composed of the schools of the united Greek, the Catholic, and the Armenian churches, which have 8803 scholars in 317 schools.

The fourth chapter treats of the several establishments for technological, artistical, manufacturing, and economical objects, as well as the charitable institutions, and those for the education of girls of the several classes of society. The mining schools, in three divisions, fill a most important place; then the Commercial and Mercantile School, the Forest Academy, the schools of design and medalling, the agricultural institutions, the schools for instruction in making roads, and in hydraulics, the medical-chirurgical academies, those for the children of inferior civil officers, the orphan and poor houses,—lastly, the Academy of the Fine Arts, the School for Architecture, the Drama, and the singers of the Imperial Court, the Oriental Institution, and the Academy of Jurisprudence at St. Petersburg. A distinct section is devoted to the charitable institutions which bear the name of "Institutions of the Empress Maria," but which are now under the supreme direction of Her Majesty the reigning empress: these sovereign ladies having placed themselves at the head of all the establishments for female education of the immense empire, both for the highest and the lowest classes. To these belong the Foundling Hospitals at St. Petersburg and Moscow, with their many branch establishments, in which,

\* We cannot find a more suitable expression. The Empire is divided into as many such districts as there are universities; each of which has a district under it.



in 1836, 49,904 children were maintained; the Alexander's Orphan Institution at Moscow, (founded on occasion of the cholera,) the Deaf and Dumb and Blind School,—then the several establishments for the education of females, such as the Institute for Noble Young Ladies in St. Petersburg, and those of St. Catherine in St. Petersburg and Moscow, those for Noble Young Ladies in Odessa and Charkow, and the schools for soldiers' children. Under the reigning empress are the Ladies' Society, and the Patriotic Society at St. Petersburg, (both founded in 1812,) the Noble Young Ladies' Institution at Pultawa, and several work and orphan houses; under the Grand Duchess Helen are the Institution of Maria at St. Petersburg, and Alexander's School at Pawlowsk. For the above institutions, with the exception of the last two, the payments from the public treasury are 1,887,892 roubles. Many similar establishments, dependent on the local authorities, are likewise mentioned in this chapter, as well as the German, Tatar, and Jewish schools. Of the German schools there are five in St. Petersburg, and others in the governments of Livonia, Cherson, Ekaterinoslaf, Tschernigoff, St. Petersburg, Bessarabia, and Georgia. In the year 1835 there were in these German schools, 35,746 pupils of both sexes.

From the concluding observations of the author it appears that at present 441,090 scholars devote themselves to the higher branches of study, and 415,486 confine themselves to the acquirement of useful and mechanical arts, or attend only the elementary schools. If, according to the most probable estimate, we assume that, on the whole, 1,058,000 children of all classes receive instruction, of whom 460,576 are educated in the public schools, there are 597,424 that receive private instruction.

*The Widow's Offering: a Selection of Tales and Essays.* By the late William Pitt Scargill. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

These are two very pleasant volumes; and the reader may gratify his taste, and show his sympathy with genius and suffering, by adding them to his library shelves. The author of 'Truckleborough Hall,' 'The Usurer's Daughter,' and 'The Puritan's Grave,' was known to the public as a man of great ability; but he will be specially remembered by our readers, when we add, that he contributed many excellent papers to the *Athenæum*. We may particularize on the moment, 'The Benefit of the Doubt,' 'The Confessions of a Toad-eater,' 'The Blessings of Biography.' The volumes before us include these, and others equally good, selected (with permission) from contemporary journals. It is observed by Mrs. Scargill in the Preface, "subscribers, who have but their own gratification in view, will not, I hope, be disappointed; while those who are actuated by a higher motive, having an equal chance of satisfaction in the work, will, I trust, also meet their reward, in the blessings of Him who defends and provides for the fatherless children and widows."

In regard to the hope here modestly expressed, that the subscribers will not be disappointed, we will add, that they cannot; we know not, indeed, any two volumes in modern literature which contain so many pleasant speculations to cheer up a dull winter's fireside. But they can speak more eloquently in their own favour than we can do for them: let them, therefore, be heard. The attentive reader will recognize the old familiar hand in the opening of the following paper:—

"I like family pride;—indeed, I like pride of any kind, for I like to see my fellow creatures happy; and by means of pride they may be happy for a mere

trifle. But family pride is best of all; it possesses a recommendation which is often spoken of as belonging to certain goods in the linen-draper's line; it unites cheapness and durability. He that would be proud of his horses, equipage, wine, dress, or establishment, must needs be at a considerable expense for these things. It is not everybody that can afford to keep a carriage, but family pictures and genealogical tables eat no oats, and require no grooms to keep them in order. Then, again, how durable are the materials of family pride! Riches, we know, may make to themselves wings and fly away; a bad speculation, or a wrong card, may bring down the pride of a man's fortune to the very dust of poverty and humiliation; but you may rattle dice at Crockford's from morning till night, and from night till morning again, without losing a single grandfather or grandmother, or great grand-aunt, or forty-ninth great grand-cousin, or anything of the kind."

The subsequent sketch of Topplestonhaugh is worthy of the introduction, and his daughter, Miss Arabella Theresa Selina, is drawn to the life. The one thing which consoled the father for all troubles, was his ancestors; his sole grief, that the name and fame of his family would descend with him to the grave, for he had but "one fair daughter." The daughter, on the contrary, bestowed not a thought on her ancestral honours—care not a rush for Sir Jacob de Lacey de Topplestonhaugh, knighted by Richard the First—and had, indeed, once owned to a friend, that she thought Adam and Eve must have been happy, because they had no ancestors to talk about. Then, too, there are their good-tempered, cotton-spinning neighbours, the Sykes's—but let us bring them all before our readers:—

"As Mr. Topplestonhaugh was not envious, so, in like manner, he was not morose towards his new neighbour. He could not but feel how superior he was to a man who had no ancestors, but he did not reject the man's civilities; and Mr. Sykes was a social kind of being, who was desirous of living upon friendly terms with his neighbours. The two families, therefore, presently became acquainted; but, notwithstanding all good intentions on both sides, it required some time to bring them to a mutual understanding; for their habits and manners of thinking were so opposite, that they seemed to each other at first, like natives of different planets. Poor Mr. Topplestonhaugh was as much puzzled at Mr. Sykes as the Mexicans were at the Spaniards.

"Ah, my dear," said Mr. Topplestonhaugh to his daughter, after the first meeting of the parties, 'I dare say that this Mr. Sykes does not know who or what his great grandfather was. And what a name forsooth!—Sykes—Sykes—Sykes,—there is nothing to articulate, it slips through one's lips as glibly as an eel through one's fingers. Calling a man by such a name as Sykes seems, to be not much more respectful than calling a dog by whistling to him: Sykes—whough—Sykes—whough!' And as Mr. Topplestonhaugh was rather absent at times, he went on for some few minutes alternately uttering the name of Sykes, and whistling; the effect of which was very ludicrous, so that, had not his daughter been very affectionately respectful towards her father, she certainly must have laughed outright. Indeed, she at one time, feared lest her father, in a fit of absence, might some day or other, whistle to Mr. Sykes, instead of calling him by name.

"Till Mr. Topplestonhaugh had visited the mansion of Mr. Sykes, and had viewed its furniture and decorations, and had heard the conversation of the family, he had not the slightest idea how intensely modern the world had become. 'If,' said Mr. Topplestonhaugh to his daughter, 'my ancestor, Sir Marmaduke Mortimer Topplestonhaugh, were to come to life again, and were to be set down in the drawing-room of Mr. Sykes, he would be astonished beyond measure.'

"So would Mr. Sykes, thought Arabella."

Mr. Sykes had sons and daughters, good-humoured, cheerful people, and Arabella was soon a great favourite with them, and they with Arabella:—

"Now the name of Arabella Theresa Selina Top-

plestonhaugh was rather too long and prosy for the lively lips of her young companions, who had frequent occasion to speak of her, and in order to accommodate her name to their usual style and habit of talk, they condensed it into the most unvenerable brevity of Bell Topple! It cannot easily be conceived how great a shock this was to the feelings of Mr. Topplestonhaugh. \* \*

"He was in every respect pleased with his new neighbours, save in the matter of their utter modernness, and their total inapprehension of the dignity of ancestry. Their mansion was by far too modern for his taste, but the style of their demeanour was worse still. He wished to be civil to them, because they were civil to him; and he was civil to them, but he could not forget that they had called, and were still in the habit of calling his daughter Bell Topple. The name haunted him like a vision. \* \*

"Mr. Sykes was a very agreeable man, his house was a very pleasant one, and all his family were very good humoured; but Mr. Topplestonhaugh felt it a duty he owed to his ancestors to sacrifice to their honour and dignity a very pleasant acquaintance. But in this matter he had not merely to gain his own consent, he also needed his daughter's co-operation. \* \* For this purpose he entered into a serious discussion on the subject of ancestral dignity, and on the importance of preserving a respectful memory of those who have distinguished themselves in the history of the country; to all of which Arabella lent a respectfully attentive ear, though unable to divine to what end it was tending. At length the discourse became more pointed; the name of Sykes was mentioned with a dignified but not ill-natured air; some commendation was expressed of the many good qualities of the Sykes family. \* \* But, after all this, there came a sad drawback, counterbalancing, and more than counterbalancing all their good qualities together. 'Yet, with all their excellent points,' continued Mr. Topplestonhaugh, 'they are sadly wanting in respect to family dignity.'

"What would your ancestors have said, Arabella Theresa,—your ancestors who fought at Cressy and Poitiers, at Agincourt, at Bosworth, and for aught I know that can be urged to the contrary, in the Holy Land itself,—what would they have said, if they had supposed that a time would ever come when a descendant of theirs should be addressed or spoken to by the family of a cotton-spinner under the name of Bell Topple?"

"Arabella looked as grave as she could, and said, 'I don't know, papa.'

"Mr. Topplestonhaugh proceeded; 'Nor do I, my child, nor indeed can I imagine; but, truly, the abomination is almost enough to make them start from the tomb.'

"Arabella continued to look grave and replied, 'I hope not, papa.'

"I speak figuratively, child," said Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "not that I suppose it likely that such an event should occur, but it is quite distressing to me to hear the names of people of family treated with such irreverent curtailment by people of no family. Did the Sykeses come in with the Conqueror?"

"Perhaps they were here before," said Arabella.

"Then they were the descendants of the conquered people," replied Mr. Topplestonhaugh, with much dignity, and with an air of triumph; "and it ill becomes them to treat their conquerors with disrespect."

"Arabella was not so much accustomed as her father was to identify herself with her ancestors; therefore, with much simplicity, she replied, 'We have not conquered Mr. Sykes and his family.'

"Not in person, perhaps," said Mr. Topplestonhaugh; but if we are the descendants of the conquerors, and they of the conquered, we are decidedly their superiors, notwithstanding their wealth; and they ought not to behave disrespectfully or irreverently towards us."

"Indeed, papa," answered the young lady, "they do not behave at all disrespectfully to us."

"My child," responded Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "they call you Bell Topple;—now your name is not Bell Topple, but it is Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh. \* \* You have as much right to your name as Mr. Sykes has to his property. What right have they to change your name to Topple? They might as well have changed it to Sykes at once."

"Now the exceeding gravity of Mr. Topplestonhaugh rendered him totally inapprehensive of what was implied in the last sentence of the above speech. In like manner, also, the pretty simplicity of Arabella led her to overlook it; and she, thinking merely what pleasant neighbours she had found on the opposite side of the valley, caring nothing for one name in preference to another, and feeling, perhaps a little piqued that her most agreeable friends should be thus slightly spoken of, answered, with rather more pertness than became a young lady, 'I should not care if they did.'

"For a moment the pulse of Mr. Topplestonhaugh stood still; his heart ceased to beat, and the blood to circulate through his veins. \* \*

"At that moment, there came into the mind of Miss Topplestonhaugh a recollection of some talkings and walkings with one particular individual of the Sykes family; and with this recollection, the idea, that the change of the name of Topplestonhaugh into Sykes, was in her own case not altogether impossible; and at this thought she was greatly confused. She blushed, and in a great hurry replied, 'I did not mean that, papa.'

"You did not mean what?" exclaimed Mr. Topplestonhaugh, who, till that moment, had remained in the dark; but his daughter's confusion and disavowal revealed the fact; so that as soon as he had asked the above question, he understood his daughter's meaning. \* \* "Ah, child," said he, in a tone of despondency, 'I see how it is! Your youthful imagination has been taken captive by the plausible manners of these new people. You have forgotten what you owe to your ancestors, and you have no regard for the honour of your family.'

"Arabella trembled, and said, 'Indeed, papa, you are under a great misapprehension, if you imagine that I have formed any engagement of such a nature as that to which you allude.'

"Peradventure, my child," replied Mr. Topplestonhaugh, 'there may be no actual engagement; but may I ask you whether there be not one individual in that family, for whom you have a greater partiality than for any other?'

"Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh sighed, and said, 'There is.'

"And which of them is it, my dear daughter?" asked Mr. Topplestonhaugh.

"Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh blushed, and said, 'Bob.'

"Mr. Topplestonhaugh started as though he had been shot; he sprang up in his seat,—I am afraid to say how high, for fear I should not be believed. \* \* It was long before he could recover his breath and self-possession, and when he did, all that he could say was, 'Bob Sykes and Bell Topple!—Poor man! he had no sleep that night, and he ate very little breakfast next morning; he walked mournfully about the house, casting most melancholy looks at the portraits of his deceased ancestors, and, at each individual portrait, he sighed and said, 'Bob Sykes and Bell Topple!' He was all the day telling his sorrows to the family canvas, and seeking the sympathy of oil-colours."

The conclusion need not be told. We shall now take a suggestive extract from a paper on Gravity.—"Happiness is a great treasure, and why should not a man keep it to himself? What propriety, or what decency, is there in a man's poking the pertness of his contented cheerfulness into the face of every one he meets? It is exceedingly vulgar, if an individual be ever so rich, that he should jingle his money in the audience of all the world. Gravity can never be called impertinence; it does not obtrude itself upon the attention, but it rather courts inobservation, and forms a species of personal retirement. It is a little sentry-box, in which a man shuts himself up, and keeps himself to himself. If an individual is laughing and grinning in society, you seem to be under the necessity of asking him what he is laughing at. If a man comes smiling into a room, and looking gaily and cheerfully around him, you are under a kind of necessity of taking some notice of him. He forcibly quarters himself upon your sympathy, and so far he is a troublesome fellow, and he is a disturbance to the train of your thoughts. Whereas a grave man is as good a companion as a man fast asleep. He does not take your attention or thoughts away from yourself. \* \* Get

into a Paddington coach, or Richmond steamer, without the armour of gravity, and ten to one some impertinent fellow will attack you with 'Fine day, sir.' But look grave, keep your lips properly compressed, as if they were not to be opened for a trifle, preserve the perpendicularity of the spine, cock up your nose, and turn up your eyes, or knit your brows, and look round about you as if you wondered how you came in such a vulgar conveyance, and then you may travel from Dan to Beersheba without a question. By the proper bearing and right management of your gravity, you hold the power of speech and silence in your own keeping; and if you choose to condescend to say, 'Fine day, sir,' you enjoy the reputation of condescension.

"Now what is the cause of this gravity? Why are the English people so exceedingly grave? What is the philosophy of the thing? says a Frenchman. Nay, monsieur, excuse us if you please, the *onus probandi* lies with you. What is the philosophy of your vivacity? We are the rule, you are the exception. Explain, if you please, your most unconscionable levity, the everlasting activity of your limbs, the ready relaxability of your muscles, the courteous flexibility of your spine, the aspen-leaf motion of your tongue, and the hilarious coursing of your lungs. You do not learn all this from anything in nature."

Here are other speculations which we submit to the philosophical:—

*The Influence of Cookery.*—"Much, in matters of opinion, depends upon digestion and culinary arrangements. Drinking now is quite out of fashion, and eating is all the rage. By the way, why does not some spirited publisher undertake to put forth a culinary library, in monthly parts? It would do uncommonly well. The English people learned drinking of the Dutch, and now they learn eating of the French. We must take care, that with French cookery we do not imbibe French principles. It is a certain fact, that since French cookery has been so prevalent, the taste for poetry has abated, or rather the poetic genius of the country has been in abeyance. The connexion between cookery and opinions is obvious and clear. I would not carry the refinement so far as the running footman, who lived upon hares' flesh to make him run fast. But is it not a fact that similarity of food produces similarity of opinion? There is an attraction of affinity effected by cookery: they who dine much together generally assimilate much in opinion. It is not an easy matter to dine frequently with a man, especially if he have a good cook, without coming into some or most of his ways of thinking. Furthermore, how observable is the unanimity produced by a public dinner at a tavern. It seems an established fact, a generally recognized opinion, that the English people may be dined into anything. They are dined into liberty, they are dined into loyalty, they are dined into charity, they are dined into piety, they are dined into liberality, they are dined into orthodoxy, and they are dined into heresy. From dinner to digestion the transition is natural. And how much are opinions influenced by, and dependent upon digestion."

*Tact and Talent.*—"Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. \* \* For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent—ten to one. \* \* Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry: talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learned and logically; tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on so fast; and tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast; and the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints: and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one. Talent gets a good name, tact a great one. Talent convinces, tact converts. Talent is an honour to the profession, tact gains honour from the profession. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way.

Talent commands, tact is obeyed. Talent is honoured with approbation, and tact is blessed by preference. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship. It wants no drilling. It never ranks in the awkward squad. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. \* \* Talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable, always alive, always alert, always marketable; it is the talent of talents, the availability of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect."

*Street Music.*—"Street music is the poetry of the multitude, the iteration of the fine arts, the vanguard of the march of civilization and of intellect, the breaker up of the stagnation of man's moral being; it acts upon the atmosphere of sounds, like perfumes on the atmosphere of smells, a delightful purifier; it is the audible pastille of the world's great saloon. And how often to ears more refined than those of the many moving sons of daily and dirty toil, the minstrelsy of the street brings sweet thoughts or awakens sad recollections; which, melting into passionate emotion, break up the frost of the desolate and solitary soul! Street music acts upon many as flappers in the island of Laputa. The people in the busy parts of the city would forget all the music they had occasionally heard, and all the sentiments excited by that music, were they not now and then roused from the absorptions of the ledger by snatches of old tunes which make pictures to the mind's eye."

*Better Days.*—"Better days are like Hebrew verbs, they have no present tense; they are of the past or future only. 'All that's bright must fade,' says Tom Moore. Very likely; and so must all that's not bright. To hear some people talk, you would imagine that there was no month in the year except November, and that the leaves had nothing else to do than to fall off the trees. And, to refer again to Tom Moore's song, about 'Stars that shine and fall,' one might suppose that, by this time, all the stars in heaven had been blown out, like so many farthing candles in a show booth at Bartlemy fair; and as for flowers and leaves, if they go away, it is only to make way for new ones. There are as many stars in heaven as ever there were in the memory of man, and as many flowers on earth, too; and perhaps more in England, for we are always making fresh importations. \* \* Some croakers remind one of the boy who said that his grandmother went up stairs nineteen times a-day, and never came down again. Or, to seek for another resemblance, they may be likened to the Irish grave-digger, who was seen one night looking about the churchyard, with a lantern in his hand. 'What have you lost, Pat?' 'Oh, I've lost my lantern!' 'You have your lantern in your hand.' 'Oh, but this is a lantern I've found, it is not a lantern I have lost.' Thus it is with men in general; they think more of the lantern they have lost, than of the lantern they have found. \* \* Ever since the time of Homer, things have been growing worse and worse; so that now, I dare say, the human race, compared to what it was in the siege of Troy, is not much more than a noble army of gnats. Nothing is as it was; the people grow worse and worse, generation after generation, and the inhabitants of the earth become more and more attenuated, till at length there will be nothing left of them,—they will become gradually invisible. The sun does not shine as brightly as it used to, and the seasons—everybody says they are changed. \* \* Between the years 1740 and 1750, Horace Walpole wrote some letters, which have since been printed and published. I have not a copy now at hand to refer to; but I distinctly remember reading in them a lamentation of the changes of the seasons. The writer complains, that on Midsummer-day he is writing by the fire-side; and he pettishly says, 'We have now no summer in this country but what we get from Newcastle;' and presently after he adds, that it was not so when he was young. Now, I think



that when Horace Walpole was young, Dean Swift was old; and yet the Dean makes the same complaint. Still more curiously the poet Cowper, writing about forty years after Horace Walpole, makes the same complaint, lamenting that neither winters nor summers were such as they used to be. Those now living, who were children when Cowper complained that the summers were not so hot, nor the winters so cold as they used to be, do now make the same complaint as he did then. In the year 1818, the summer was remarkably fine and dry, and all the people began to cry out on the beauty of what they called an old-fashioned summer. To be sure it was an old-fashioned summer; so are all summers old-fashioned summers. There is a passage in Tacitus, which describes the climate of this country just as it might be described now. I could quote the Latin; but as I have no particular end to answer in looking learned, I will make the extracts from Dr. Aikin's translation of the *Life of Agricola*. 'The sky in this country is deformed by clouds and frequent rains, but the cold is never extremely rigorous. The soil, though improper for the olive and vine, and other productions of warmer climates, is fertile, and suitable for corn. Growth is quick, but maturation slow, both from the same cause, the great humidity of the ground and the atmosphere.' There now, can anything be plainer than that? And yet we talk about the changes of the seasons as if the sun was worn out, and all things were going wrong."

*Fact and Fiction* is another paper in the true spirit of our author. We can afford room only for an extract:—

"Before we begin to think, we seem to know everything; but when we set about thinking in earnest, we know nothing. Who does not know the difference between fact and fiction, when, without thinking, he looks upon the two words, and remembers that from the days of his infancy they were put in opposition as meaning two things directly contrary to one another? And who does not feel himself puzzled when coming to consider what the two things are which are thus distinguished, he finds that so far from being diametrically opposite to each other, they are neither of them definable, and their boundaries not very ascertainable? How much fact there is in fiction, and how much fiction there is in fact, who can tell? Is romance one great lie? And is history?—say, who is it says that history is one great lie? There is no power of penetration or keenness of analysis that can separate the true from the false of historic record. Light and darkness are so blended, that walking in a kind of moral twilight, we cannot easily distinguish between the phantoms which capricious darkness forms, and the realities which an imperfect light illuminates. Nobody now believes in the literal truth of the story of 'Romulus and Remus' and nobody has yet ventured to disbelieve the history of the Cæsars; but as the time has been when the story of 'Romulus and Remus' was regarded as an historic verity, so the time may come when he who crossed the Rubicon shall be regarded as a fictitious personage."

"It is of no use to say in answer to all this, that say one may easily discriminate between the obvious reality of the Cæsars and the fabulous tales that gracefully cloud the dawn of history; for we may be firm in the belief of what we believe, and in the disbelief of what we disbelieve, but we cannot answer for the incredulity of those who shall come after us, any more than our fathers could anticipate the historic doubts of us their children."

"The very history of our own land has already several nebulous spots of doubt upon it; and how far those clouds may extend, or how much they may increase, is not for us to say. Perhaps the time may be coming when the great question of reform, which now so deeply agitates and absorbs, shall produce such mighty political changes, that men in after time shall look upon the representation of Gaton and Old Sarum as a downright hum. Perhaps they will never believe in the change that is now taking place, because they will find it difficult to conceive the state of things from which the change is being made." \* But as there must be a certain quantity of belief as well as of disbelief in the human mind, and as matters which were once regarded as fictions are now regarded as facts, who knows but that in

after times Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels may be learnedly demonstrated into high practical verities, while the History of England is looked upon as a very entertaining romance, but a somewhat improbable fiction; and that Sir James Mackintosh may have as much credit for invention as Homer has?

"If, then, there be these fluctuations of belief, and if history may be exaggerated into romance, or facts embellished in fictions; if the truth of one age is the falsehood of the next; if the tale which in one generation amused the child, rises in another to the dignity of the history that shall instruct the man, what becomes of the mighty wisdom of those who, in the profundity of their self-satisfied sagacity, think foul scorn of acknowledged fiction, and confine their literary sympathy to what they are pleased to denominate plain matters of fact? \* \* He that regards the larger abstract verities of human nature, and seeks after the nourishing substance and enlivening spirit of general truth, not heeding the dry and husky form of the outward and lifeless frame of express chronology or locality, catches at and retains eternal practical principles, converses with mind rather than with matter, and has his mind enlarged with much truth, though his tongue may not be decorated with the talk of many facts."

The sketch of his 'Two Aunts' is another pleasant paper—especially the portrait of good Aunt Bridget, and the place she lived in, which is true to the life, or rather the death:—

"Aunt Bridget loved quiet, and she lived in the quietest place in the world. There is not a spot in the deserts of Arabia, or in the Frozen Ocean, to be for a moment compared to Hans Place—

The very houses seem asleep; and when the bawlers of milk, mackerel, dabs, and flounders enter the placid precincts of that place, they scream with a subdued violence, like the hautboy played with a piece of cotton in the bell.

"You might almost fancy that oval of building to be some mysterious egg, on which the genius of silence had sat brooding ever since the creation of the world, or even before chaos had combed its head and washed its face. There is in that place a silence that may be heard, a delicious stillness which the ear drinks in as greedily as the late Mr. Dando would by gulp oysters. It is said, that when the inhabitants are all asleep, they can hear one another snore."

Surely these extracts, to say nothing of the widow and the fatherless, and the melancholy occasion which suggested publication, will insure an extensive sale to these very pleasant volumes.

## THE ANNUALS FOR 1838.

*The Landscape Annual for 1838, 'Spain and Morocco,'* by Thomas Roscoe.—We have already done separate honour to the illustrations of this volume. Mr. Roscoe, in preparing its letter-press, has so happily exercised his skill of weaving together fragments of useful information and personal adventure, romantic incident and antique legend, that we know not how to disentangle him from his assistants—or, to speak more plainly, how much of his book is derived from original sources, and how much from other works, obscure perhaps, but already before the public. And hence we must, as usual, commend rather than extract. We pass, under Mr. Roscoe's conduct, from Toledo to Madrid—from Madrid to Salamanca—that city now of students, formerly of wizards—from Salamanca to Compostella—taking in our way Santiago, where our guide does not forget to tell us the inimitable story (one of the few inventions, by the way, which the world of fiction possesses,) of the Dean of that town, and Don Illan of Toledo, the magician—from Compostella to Valencia—thence by Saragossa and Seville, to "Calpe's rock"; and here we cross over into Africa, where we meet with lively sketches of the Moslem and Christian and Jew population; and with reminiscences of the old Sallee rovers, those objects of our boyish curiosity, thanks to Robinson Crusoe; closing our pilgrimage at Constantina, of which strong city we shall be told more anon, in the shape of

scenes and *souvenirs*, if the French can but manage to win the prize. At the conclusion of his preface, Mr. Roscoe announces, that Portugal will form the subject of the next volume of this splendid and carefully-sustained Annual.

*Finden's Tableaux, &c.*, edited by Mary Russell Mitford.—We like this handsome book none the less, because its letter-press has, in some degree, a character of its own. The poems illustrative of six of the plates are longer than those usually ventured in *Annals*, and therefore better: some of them, too, are by writers comparatively unhackneyed, (our own contributor, E. B. B., among the number,) and if their staple be but gossamer, it is still gossamer of a new pattern. The opening poem, by Mr. Kenyon, 'The Shrine of the Virgin,' accompanying a group of Sicilian peasants, contains some stanzas which remind us of Crabbe when in his lyrical mood.

She cometh to the seaward shrine,  
A mother with her children three,  
And they have made the holy sign,  
And they have dropped on bended knee.  
Three in the lowly rite combine,  
And one is cradled, peacefully.  
That mother's heart hath business here,  
For she doth love the mariner.

Her gallant boy is on the deep,  
She loves him more that he is brave;  
Yet when around Feloro's steep  
The midnight surges leap and rave,  
What marvel if a mother weep,  
And, thinking on the tropic wave,  
Doth flee to thee, O mother mild!  
Thou mother of the Blessed Child!

Thro' winds, that sweep like hurricane,  
And deadly lightning's lurid light,  
She speedeth to the pillared fane,  
Where thou dost stand in silver bright.  
If solace but for him she gain,  
What should a mother's soul affright?  
And, now, the porch-way she doth win,  
And through the portal glideth in.

I love the ever open door  
That welcomes to the house of God;  
I love its wide spread marble floor,  
By every foot in freedom trod!  
Free altars let me kneel before,  
Free as the pathway or the sod,  
Whence journeying pilgrim—mid broad air  
Wafts unpromoted prayer!

She prayeth in the silent pile,  
Her whispers round the columns creep,  
She prayeth all alone—the while  
Her babes at home securely sleep;  
Their brother loved to see her smile,  
She would not they should see her smile,  
Youth's rightful joys she will not dim,  
With tears—not even tears for him!  
But now—when eve is calm and bright,  
You see her here, and not alone—  
Her children—in the sweet blue light,  
Are with her by the sculptured stone.  
With her they share a soothing sight,  
Yon scarce-stirred bark, the only one—  
Almost as still, on that still tide,  
As unrocked cradle by her side.

But we have been giving that precedence to contributors, which ought, of courtesy, to belong to the editors. Her own tales are so fresh, graceful, and spirited, as to make us wonder she has tarried so long on her own village ground; and we recommend her to take wing thence without delay,—being assured, from this specimen of her powers, that wherever she alight, she will make herself at home, cheerfully and naturally, to the satisfaction of her readers as well as of herself. 'The King's Ward,' an old English story, is very good,—but the sketch most to our liking is 'The Wager,' an Italian tale of an Accademia and a lawsuit, full of delicate humour: this, too, is prefaced by so rare an anacronistic, (from the same pen as produced the verses already quoted) that we must make room for it; meaning thereby no neglect of Barry Cornwall's 'Death of the Bull,' (Andalusian)—or Mary Howitt's North American ballad—or the 'Bride's Departure,' written in the true gondola measures; which are all good—but all, from

† In the Cathedral of Syracuse is a statue of the Virgin of silver.

their length, less manageable than the following song:—

Lily on liquid roses floating  
So floats yon foam o'er pink champagne,  
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,  
And prove that ruby main,  
And float away on wine!

Those seas are dangerous (greybeards swear)  
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;  
And true it is they drown old Caro—  
But what care we for him,  
So we but float on wine!

And true it is they cross in pain,  
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry,  
But only make our Styx—champagne,  
And we shall cross right merry,  
Floating away in wine!

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,  
Then gaily row his boat from shore;  
While we, and every jovial fellow,  
Hear, unconcerned, the oar,  
That dips itself in wine!

We should like to give the tale so jovially prefaced, but it is beyond our limits: and we are almost closing our notice, without having spoken of the plates—so important a feature in these drawing-room books. They are equal to those of last year,—picturesque rather than faithful, in their representations of costume; and thus merely pretty where they might be valuable. The strong point of this volume is its letter-press.

The *Forget-Me-Not* for 1838 is a worthy successor to the 'Forget-Me-Not for 1837,' inasmuch as it contains much clever prose, fanciful verse, and some pleasing illustrations; but the frontispiece, 'La Sevillana,' engraved by Thompson, from one of Sir T. Lawrence's drawings, demands far higher praise than is conveyed by our general epithet—it is admirable. Mr. Jenkins has an eye for beauty, vide his 'Rosanna'; but he always manages to give it a modish, over-dressed look, which is anything but artistic. The tale, by the way, which belongs to his portrait of the arch and stately lady, though not new in its invention, is spirited and interesting. There is an illustration to one of Miss Lawrence's historical stories of the olden time, by Craywanger, which is well grouped and effective; and Mr. Werner's gondola and masquers, appended to 'The Trial of Husbands'—one of the *Forget-Me-Not's* own peculiar tales,—has so much nationality and character in it, that we think it merited more pains than has been bestowed on its engraving. This artist's name, like his predecessor's, is new to us. With regard to the literary contents of the volume, they are, as usual, well chosen. We have mentioned three of the stories; besides these, Miss M. A. Browne has an Irish fairy tale, the author of 'Conti' a Parisian sketch, and the Old Sailor a domestic tragedy; add to them 'The old Gentleman's Pencil,' a piece of *diablerie* in the hackneyed German fashion, and 'Miss Baxter and the Rose,' a story of Cheltenham, and it will be admitted that the list does not want variety. But we must make our selections from the verse in the volume. The first is a poem from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney:

*The American Indians.*

I heard the forests as they cried  
Unto the valleys green,  
"Who there is that red-browed hunter-race  
Who loved our leafy screen?  
They humbled 'mid these dewy glades  
The red-deer's antlered crown,  
Or soaring at his highest noon  
Struck the strong eagle down."  
Then in the zephyr's voice, replied  
Those vales so meekly blest,  
"They reared their dwellings on our side,  
Their corn upon our breast;  
A blight came down, a blast swept by,  
The cone-roofed cabins fell;  
And where that exiled people fled  
It is not ours to tell."

Niagara, of the mountains grey,  
Demanded from his throne,  
And old Ontario's billowy lake  
Prolonged the thunder-tone,—

"Those chieftains at our side who stood  
Upon our christening day,  
Who gave the glorious names we bear,  
Our sponsors—where are they?"

And then the fair Ohio charged  
Her many sisters dear,  
"Show me, once more, those stately forms,  
Within my mirror clear."  
But they replied, "Tall barks of pride,  
Do cleave our waters blue,  
And strange keels ride our farthest tide,  
But where's their light canoe?"

The farmer drove his ploughshare deep  
"Whose bones are these?" said he;  
"I find them where my browsing sheep  
Roam o'er the upland lea."  
But starting sudden to his path  
A phantom seemed to glide,  
A plume of feathers on his head,  
A quiver at his side.

He pointed to the rifled grave,  
Then raised his hand on high,  
And with a hollow groan, invoked  
The vengeance of the sky:  
O'er the broad realm, so long his own,  
Gazed with despairing ray,  
Then on the mist, that slowly curled,  
Fled mournfully away.

Mary Howitt's ballad of 'The Rich and the Poor' is, as usual, full of deep and kindly feeling, but it is too long for our purpose. We can only make room for one other poem; and this shall be Miss M. A. Browne's 'Song of Dreams,' which, with some allowances, rendered necessary by the peculiar and irregular metre in which it is written, seems, to us, very fanciful and graceful:—

In the rosy glow of the evening's cloud,  
In the twilight's gloom,

In the sultry noon, when the flowers are bowed,  
And the streams are dumb,

In the morning's beam, when the faint stars die  
On the brightening flood of the azure sky,  
We come!

Weavers of shadowy hopes and fears,  
Darkeners of smiles, brighteners of tears,  
We come!

We come where the babe on its mother's breast,  
Lies in slumber deep;  
We flit by the maiden's couch of rest,  
And o'er her sleep

We float, like the honey-laden bees,  
On the soft, warm breath of the languid breeze,  
And sweep  
Hues more beautiful than we bring  
From her lip and her cheek, for each wandering wing  
To keep.

We sit by the miser's treasure-chest,  
And near his bed,  
And we watch his anxious heart's unrest;  
And in mockery tread

With a seeming heavy step about;  
And laugh when we hear his frightened shout  
Of dread,  
Lest the gnomes who once o'er his gold did reign,  
To his hoards, to claim it back again,  
Have sped.

But a sunnier scene, and a brighter sky,  
To-day are ours;  
We have seen a youthful poet lie,  
By the fountain's showers,  
With his upturned eye, and his dreamy look,  
Reading the April sky's sweet book,  
Writ by the hours;

Thinking those glorious thoughts that grow  
Untutored up in life's fresh glow  
Like flowers.

We will catch the richest, brightest hue  
Of the rainbow's rim.  
The purest cloud that 'mid the blue  
Of heaven doth swim!  
The clearest star-beam that shall be  
In a dew-drop shined when the twilight sea  
Grows dim;

And a spirit of love about them breathe;  
And twine them all in a magic wreath  
For him!

*Flowers of Loveliness*, &c. &c., designed by various artists, with Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L.—The illustrations of this volume are, with one or two signal exceptions, at least equal to those of last year. Some of the artists, however, would be puzzled, we think, to prove the connexion between certain of the female figures and the flowers of which they are said to be emblematic. Mr. Uwins, to begin with the beginning, would not find it easy to reconcile his two graceful virgins of the cloister with the Clematis, which is essentially a common wayside flower, "the traveller's joy," or to establish

a sympathy between the chubby urchin, whom he has drawn sitting with crossed hands, very complacent in the consciousness of his garland, and the hyacinths of which that garland is composed. But we will content ourselves with admiring Miss F. Corbaux's Scottish group, and let the rest of the designs pass. Miss Landon has done her difficult part easily and well. The following is the first poem of the series, which we cannot do better than transcribe:—

*Clematis.*

Around the cross the flower is winding,  
Around the old and ruined wall;  
And, with its fragile flowers, binding  
The arch, which with it soon must fall.  
And two before that cross are praying,—  
One with her earnest eyes above,  
The other, as the heart delaying  
Blent heavenly with some earthly love.  
Saint Marie's shrine is now laid lowly,  
Shivered its windows' rainbow panes;  
Silent its hymn;—that pale flower solely  
Of all its former pride remains.  
Hushed is the ancient anthem, keeping  
The vigil of the silent night;  
Gone is the censur's silver sweeping:  
Dim is the sacred taper's light.

True, the rapt soul's divine emotion  
The desert wind to Heaven may bear;  
Tis not the shrine that makes devotion,  
The place that sanctifies the prayer;  
But yet I grieve that, thus departed,  
The faith has left the fallen cell;  
How many, lone and broken-hearted  
Were thankful in its shade to dwell.

Not on the young mind, filled with fancies  
And hopes, whose gloss is not yet gone,  
Not on the early world's romances,  
Should the cell close its funeral stone!  
Still is the quiet cloister wanted,  
For those who wear a weary eye;  
Whose life has long been disenchanted,  
Who only have one wish—to die.

How oft the heart of woman, yearning  
For love it dreams, but never meets,  
From the world, worn and weary, turning,  
Could shelter in these dim retreats.  
There were that solemn quiet given,  
That life's harsh, feverish, hours deny,  
There might the last prayer rise to Heaven,  
"My God! I pray thee let me die."

In addition to what has been said, we must call attention to the vignette title-page of the *Flowers of Loveliness*, and to an ingenious acrostical dedication to the Queen—with illuminated capitals.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Poetical Works of Robert Southey, collected by Himself*; in ten volumes. Vol. I.—These, we have no doubt, will be welcome volumes. This, the first of the series, contains 'Joan of Arc,' and is illustrated by an admirable portrait of the author and a vignette of the monument of "the Missions Maid" at Rouen. "It was," says Dr. Southey, "in a mood resembling in no slight degree that wherewith a person in sound health, both of body and of mind, makes his will and sets his worldly affairs in order, that I entered upon the serious task of arranging and revising the whole of my poetical works." The arrangement was the first thing to be considered. In this the order wherein the respective poems were written has been observed, so far as was compatible with a convenient classification. Such order is useful to those who read critically, and desire to trace the progress of an author's mind in his writings; and by affixing dates to the minor pieces, under whatever head they are disposed, the object is sufficiently attained." In this judgment we entirely concur, but we are utterly at a loss how to reconcile it with the course pursued in regard to alteration. On this subject the Doctor observes, "not in hope and ardour, nor with the impossible intention of rendering it what it might have been had it been planned and executed in middle life, did I resolve to correct it once more throughout; but for the purpose of making it more consistent with itself in diction, and less inconsistent in other things with the well-weighted opinions of my maturer years. The faults of effort, which may generally be regarded as hopeful indications in a juvenile writer, have been mostly left as they were. The faults of language which remained from the first edition have been removed, so that in this respect the whole is sufficiently in keeping.

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And for those which expressed the political prejudices of a young man who had too little knowledge to suspect his own ignorance, they have either been expunged, or altered, or such substitutions have been made for them as harmonize with the pervading spirit of the poem, and are nevertheless in accord with those opinions which the author has maintained for thirty years through good and evil report, in the maturity of his judgement as well as in the sincerity of his heart." Now how is it possible "to trace the progress of an author's mind" in his works, if all the peculiar opinions of the young man of twenty-one "have either been expunged or altered, or such substitutions made for them" as accord with the matured judgement of sixty-three?

*Pascal Bruno, a Sicilian Story*, edited by Theodore Hook, Esq.—How far Mr. Hook's editorial care has extended over this volume, it is impossible for us to guess: he deserves, however, the thanks of all readers of Romance, if there be any such persons left in the world, for introducing to the English public a capital tale of surprise and adventure; 'Pascal Bruno' being the adventures of a Sicilian Du Val, cleverly arranged in the form of a story by M. Alexandre Dumas, and here well translated. We may tell as much as this, that Bruno was driven to adopt the lawless and desperate life of a brigand, by the cruel and heartless tyranny of a noble lady, who separated him from the girl to whom he was attached. His main object, thenceforth, is revenge upon her, with as much pleasure and plunder by the way, as a keen wit, a handsome person, and indomitable daring, are able to procure for him. Like all heroes of his class, he is the fast friend of the poor and oppressed, and sometimes surprises the rich by counter-munificences and counter-courtesies more splendid than their own. His life, capture, and death, make up an excellent story of its class, one which we imagine will not be long ere it passes (if it have not already passed,) from the press into the hands of the melo-dramatist and the property-man.

*List of New Books.*—The Landscape Annual, 1833, (Spain and Morocco), post 8vo. 21s., roy. 8vo. 2s. 12s. *id.* mor.—The Book of Gems, 1833, 8vo. 31s. *id.* bds.—Gems of Beauty: being Illustrations of the Passions, 1833, 4to. 11s. *id.*—Finden's Tableaux, 1833, Imperial 4to. 42s. mor.—The English Annual, 1833, 8vo. 15s. mor.—Pascal Bruno, a Sicilian Story, edited by T. Hook, post 8vo. 10s. *id.* bds.—Fragments and Fancies, by Lady E. S. Montagu, 8vo. 7s. *id.* cl.—The Lady Annabella, by the Authoress of 'Constance,' &c., 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. *id.* bds.—Easton's Personal and Family Fasting and Humiliation, with Preface, &c., by the Rev. Alexander Moody, 18mo. 1s. *cl.*—State and Prospects of the World and Church, by a Clergyman, f. 6s. *cl.*—Faber (Rev. G. S.) on the Primitive Doctrine of Justification, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Melville's Sermons, 2nd ed. 8vo. 10s. *id.* bds.—The Young Christian's Sunday Evening, by Mrs. Farry, 2nd series, (The Gospel), 12mo. 6d. *cl.*—The House I live in, or Popular Illustrations of the Functions of the Human Body, 18mo. 2s. 6d. *cl.*—Peter Parley's Universal History, f. 7s. 6d. *cl.*—Bolter's Book of Private Prayer, 4th ed. 32mo. 2s. *cl.*—The Assembled Commons, with Abstract of the Law of Election and the Usages of Parliament, roy. 32mo. 3s. *id.* *cl.*—The Third Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, 8vo. 4s. *cl.*

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

## Berlin.

BERLIN, for all our travellers would have us believe, is no Tadmor in the wilderness—no fine city surrounded by sands, but a very handsome one among fields as green as those about London, and not much hotter. True, the coating of Prussia in general is about as dry and adust as that on a camelopard's back; spots, too, of this complexion, occur now and again not far from the capital; but I dare say a few might be found likewise in the neighbourhood of Bagshot, Hounslow, or even "within the lamps," not quite so rank with vegetation as a battle-field or a country churchyard. The suburbs of Berlin are much less haggard, bleak, and bald, than those of Paris, where the *Champs Elysées* themselves bear but a thin crop of amaranth and asphodel for such a paradise as the best inhabitants believe in. I have visited most European capitals, and do not recollect so princely an approach to any of them as that through the *Thiergarten* to Berlin. A forest-grove of wide extent and majesty, intersected by broad gravel walks, at one side encloses the *Exercier-Platz*, or Campus Martius, as dusty, it must be

owned, as such an arena should be; at the other, a range of pretty Italian cottages where, amid foliage and flowering shrubs of the freshest luxuriance, are seen, under arcades and verandahs, the fair Berliners employed in the elegant labours of the needle, or the still more earnest occupations of the supper table. Fronting the high road, through this *best-garden*, as I am unhappily forced to translate it, stands *Brandenburg-Thor*, a facsimile, so called, of the Propylæum to the Acropolis: it is noble enough, but perhaps not prodigiously beyond our Triumphal Arch, though that be no triumphal piece of architecture. From certain peculiarities, (such as the triglyph out of the corner, &c.) I suspect Brandenburg Gate is not the very double of its attic prototype: the famous car-borne Victory at-top, whom Napoleon, after his fashion, made travel to Paris, is by a Berlin blacksmith, and creditable to the forge: two wing-buildings, converted into guard-houses, are mean and miserable additions. I must likewise give the palm over all such high-streets as have come within my knowledge, to the great Corso leading from this portal, known by the pretty rustic name *Unter den Linden*, in which, be it understood, one half the trees are not lindens at all, but chestnuts, planes, &c. I need not describe it further, after the countless journals,—ledgers one might call them,—which have been written of late on Germany. Berlin spreads from the entrance above mentioned, somewhat like Rome from the Porta del Popolo; presenting, too, in like manner, its modern portion first, and diverging, irregularly, into the old. Berlin proper is but a central district of the whole city, without any other pre-eminence than in age and unloveliness. No part of the metropolis, however, can be pronounced altogether ugly. A certain air of pallid or livid splendour, according as the streets are new or old, reigns throughout: due, perhaps, much to the cement substituted for stone, in almost all the buildings, however palatial, a composition which looks garish a month or so, paltry ever after. In general the streets are very wide, very long, and very straight, as if the lines had been carried by cannon-shot: this gives the town a formal, platoon appearance: the houses being all exactly abreast, and of one battalion height, seem to stand upon eternal drill, where they fell at first into rank and file, at a word from sovereign quarters; there is none of the picturesque over-topping and out-jutting which give other German towns so much the look of natural cliff scenery. Notwithstanding its magnificence, this monotony of architecture at Berlin soon grows dull: the riches of decoration, under which its real meagreness is sought to be hidden, can no more exhilarate the spirits than silver arabesques and shining studs on a coffin. Architectural embellishment, indeed, spreads over the house fronts here like wall-fruit: every penny shopkeeper and wretched retailer has a twisted cornice or set of capitals above his signboard; a Corinthian façade adorns a green-grocery, and a cobbler's bulk is sheltered by a classic entablature. These are among the ridiculous results of raising a hot-bed capital! Berlin contains, it is said, exclusive of a resident army, about 250,000 inhabitants. The population appears more evenly diffused than in any other metropolis: no swarm at one or two spots, no desert elsewhere. I have heard the population called thin, but conceive this idea to have arisen from the extreme breadth of the streets, and their straightness exposing at once all within them; certainly no such phenomenon as a Cheapside choak ever occurs here, no such wolf-race as may often be seen over Blackfriar's Bridge; on the other hand, I never found any outlet so vacant as some of our dim, interminable, genteel East-end streets, where the single moving object at times is a widow with iron-brown weeds and complexion stealing along in doleful respectability to or from Chapel. I can imagine, however, that Berlin may look blank and bleak enough when the whirlwinds blow, for a small, sharp, grey dust, rising in clouds, covers the whole city with ghastliness, and scours it almost of every pedestrian. But, under such circumstances, what place looks comfortable?

The Prussians are grave, long-visaged, and not unhandsome: a cross-bred race, but oftener of the dark blood which shows itself in black hair and morone skins, than of the lighter, which gives to Germans commonly their whitey-brown locks and complex-

ions. Perhaps, from the number and picked nature of the military at Berlin, its inhabitants strike a new corner as tall, well made, and straight to stiffness, being essentially, both male and female, a grenadier population. Soldiers, however, do not beset the streets so much as is thought; Paris has more the air of a city under martial law, is oftener haunted by capering hussars, and frightened from its small share of propriety by the rattle of drums and of cannon; our own "Guards" walk about in a much more domineering style, as if they were all of the Welleley family. With regard to the manners of the Prussians, everywhere I have met them, they are a great deal civiler by nature than our countrymen can be by the help of Chesterfield and Grandison; on public duty a Prussian mitigates, an Englishman aggravates its rigour as far as possible, though I grant it makes little difference in the main, whether you are coerced with a polished bayonet or a knotted bludgeon. As to the matter of mental cultivation, I had short time for personal inquiry: which seemed, however, sufficient, their own well-informed townsmen whom I conversed with designating the Berliners *barbarians*. Love of the Fine Arts is a good test, and of this they have little or none. Their capital, it is true, for the number of its superb edifices, might be called a northern Genoa; they have acquired, at considerable pains and expense, a Collection of Pictures, peculiarly a *learned* collection; they endow and patronize at Düsseldorf a school of Modern Painting, the best extant; and their sculpture takes the first rank now in Germany after Thorwaldsen's; but all this has been at the fiat of a few royal personages—three or four Frederics have been the whole Committee of Taste (one member usually forming a quorum) for the kingdom! Frederic the Great, after his usual style of a military omnipotent, said, Let there be art, and there was art: hence it is that so much of the sculpture and architecture here, as well as at Potsdam, have the look of being done by contract. Many of the statues and reliefs which adorn the palace fronts, bridges, &c., seem as if they were carved with a pickaxe, and furnished per gross for getting up a fine city at the shortest notice. Several of the public buildings display the petty style of the great Prussian's mind—his Louis-Quatorze taste in matters of art. Thus the Library is built, at his command, to resemble a huge *chest of drawers*, and the furniture taste of that age afforded models to the Royal Superintendent of Public Works for everything ornamental, from a church down to a state chair. Nevertheless, even the preposterous style is better than the pitiful; no such architectural eyesore, no such miserable compound of the trivial and the tawdry, exists in Berlin as our own Buckingham Palace, on whose dome, as a scaffold, the Genius of British taste in the reign of George the Fourth, is gibbeted to perpetual disgrace and derision. At Berlin the modern *Dom-kirche*, or cathedral, is the sole public edifice approaching perfect ugliness: as it is, however, only the size of a chapel, its demerits would be lost in its insignificance, but that it stands at the head of the principal street, at the most pre-eminent part of the city, making square with the Great Palace, the Museum, and the Arsenal, three remarkable buildings which enclose a green and gravelled space called the *Lustgarten* (pleasure garden). Looking hence, the eye of a spectator takes in at once perhaps as thickly-set an architectural panorama as from the Capitol itself of Rome, or the Ratcliffe Square at Oxford. Besides the four I have mentioned, are seen, the Guard House, University, Opera House, Library, St. Hedwig's, Architects' School, together with the Linden row of palaces (many among which are royal) and of National Institutions. I grant that a good deal of this architecture is more distinguished by imposing mass than intrinsic excellence; the Great Palace, or *Schloss*, a huge double quadrangle of the pseudo-classic taste, has some kingliness in its majestic portal and general proportions, while its rear-front in castellated style frowns with picturesque grandeur over the dark and sullen waters of the Spree. This palace has been given up to the Crown Prince, and a collection of knickknacks—reading-desks that spurt out drawers and mirrors, inkstands and tweezer cases, at the touch of a spring—statues that whimper waltzes or whistle Mozart—curious gewgaws to titillate ennui into imbecile ecstasies—all these things may be visited with advantage by

those who have the dead weight of idleness to throw off, but otherwise it is a murderous destruction of time to go through the inventory. If you could persuade the cicerone to show you only what was worth seeing,—that is, not to be a cicerone,—a quarter of an hour were perhaps well spent on some few objects; a portrait of Frederic the Great when under thirty, soft-complexioned, and petit-maitre; another of him when a child in frocks, beating a drum, pretty and characteristic as Mamius tearing the butterfly; some very good Watteaus, and one or two other pictures among the intolerable many; a marble group, by Schadow, of Achilles and Penthesilea, meritorious upon the whole, without being by any means a miracle.

I should acknowledge that there is in the Schloss a *Kunst-Cabinet* (art-cabinet) which may contain wonders, and that I took little trouble to gain admission, devoting my stay to other objects, and not being the least in the world of what is called a sight-seer, i. e. a person who flirts and flounces about to stare at what he don't understand, and cram his memory with what he forgets after it has served the purpose of tattle or ostentation. Baron Trenck's drinking-cup, and Luther's beer-jug, Frederic the Great's father's collection of tobacco-pipes, or Frederic's own waistcoats and walking-canes, afford me little more interest than like articles hung up at Seven Dials or Rag Fair. I want nothing to remind me of a really great man, nor do I need a course of stimulants to give me artificial enthusiasm about him: my admiration for Shakespeare never palls, without the aid of a dram from the Avon, or a snuff-box out of his mulberry-tree; and I feel a far deeper excitement at reading, for the hundredth time, Frederic's battle of Rossbach, than at seeing the bullet that wounded him there. Not that I deny the power or charm of association, but merely dislike the fictitious system of substituting it for primary knowledge and genuine esteem of the object—the quackery of keeping admiration alive by cordials. Again, however, the Art-Cabinet may deserve a visit: there are some exotic commodities, Peter the Great's miniature of a windmill, carvings with great names (as usual in all such collections), &c.

The *Zeug-haus*, or Arsenal, has gone forth in every journal and guide-book as a model of architectonic perfection; this sounds very like an echo of that conceited age which proclaimed Racine a second Sophocles, and Le Sueur another Raffael; no one but a human parrot could repeat it. Glass eyes must see that the building violates, without any excuse from necessity, the very first concord of good architecture—equal arches in the apertures, at least in those of the same kind, on the same range and façade; besides which, the cornice of this large pile has no more sublimity of projection than a chimney-piece; and the entablature is bedizened with crags of allegorical and heraldic sculpture, whose innumerable arms, flag-staffs, spears, and other extensions, break up the sky behind them like bits of chevaux-de-frize on a battlement, interrupting, too, the flow of eyesight along the whole horizontal line, by the ugliest masses imaginable. A first degree in connoisseurship, and I pretend to have taken no more, qualifies any visitor to detect the bad taste of this: were the building not set forth as a colossal gem of architecture, it would neither call down the spleen of criticism nor of disappointment upon it, being a respectable ornament of the city. Its court is embellished with a series of gigantic heads in the various agonies of death, by Schüter, an immortal artist some time ago, which do not want executive skill, and cannot want expression. I need scarcely say that the Prussian arsenal contains hedgerow within hedgerow, of bristling, burnished arms, piled with more order than picturesque effect, about which the Master of the Ordnance here seems not to care, except, perhaps, in the arrangement of his whisks. Opposite stands the present king's private palace, modest and small, disfigured by the helmet ornament over each window—an enormous stone casque that brings to one's mind the Castle of Otranto.—At a few paces is the Opera House, distinguished by no particular beauty, but contributing to the general impression of magnificence. I thought the music here very terrestrial; cognoscenti, I believe, pronounce it divine.—St. Hedwig's Church, or the Romish Cathedral, is a

wretched remembrance of the Pantheon.—Agrippa's noble portico, burlesqued in plaster, being clapped upon a round church as a clown would smear the mouth of a beehive; and an ugly hillock of tiles for a cupola—were it unroofed it would be a beautiful limekiln. The Library, of which I have spoken, connects this object with Prince Wilhelm's palace, a new building, to which the architect has given a handsome club-house façade, and non-descript portico: cornice-story a range of oblong sunk panels, with escutcheons in their middles, and a statue between each pair: I mention this for its novelty more than its beauty. On the other side of the Linden Street is the University, an open quadrangle of the Corinthian order, with enriched cornice running unbroken round, except where peeled off, the whole face of the college being plaster; some odd windows arabesqued or rusticated about the arches—a good hint to our builders who have no objection to give ornament piquancy by the help of absurdity. Notwithstanding this large and learned Institution at the city heart, I never observed the Academic shade so faint upon the aspect of any population; spectacles and lank hair, if nothing else, give a studious look to the youth of most German towns; here neither one nor other is much worn, and there is no substitute; every mien composed, but not at all absorbed; every face drawn to full length, but not with solemn or serious reflection: having their military character in my head, it seemed to me as if each person were chiefly intent on keeping his chin at parade level, and the proper foot foremost; I saw little other appearance of study. When not thus at march, so to say, on their various promenades, their favourite resorts are coffee-houses, or *conditorei* (confectionary cafés), where they indulge themselves in bad pastry and bonbons to a childish extent, but with as much temperance of conduct and discourse as if each had a dragon behind him. Soldierly tactics seems to make them always keep a good reserve of conversation, for they seldom bring more force into play at once than may just serve to maintain the show of intellectual conflict. This frugal expenditure of mind is grateful to an Englishman, whether from its keeping him in countenance, or sparing him the apish chatter and grimace which disfigures social intercourse so much amongst a nation whose plume is its colloquial power. On the whole, I think the Prussians, in every light, the most respectable people of Europe.

I have mentioned, with a word or two of outline, almost all the principal edifices of an older date at Berlin, reserving for another letter like notices of the recent, especially those by the most celebrated architect now living—*Schinkel*. Let me conclude here by saying that there is no Gothic architecture at Berlin, except St. Nicolas, a patched-up edifice of all ages and none.

#### PROGRESS OF ORIENTAL LITERATURE AT PARIS.

Paris, Sept. 16.

Your learned readers will probably be glad to know something of our proceedings here, in regard to oriental literature. The government, then, be it known, has just published the first volume of the 'Oriental Collections,' which have been several years in preparation. The plan originated with the late M. Saint-Martin, on whose petition a commission was appointed, to select the best works for publication, and to superintend their progress through the press. His death did not impede the continuation of the work; the first volume was presented to the king on the 1st of May, and is now before the public. It contains the history of the Mongolian dynasty in Persia, by Rashid-ed-din, translated and illustrated with copious notes, by M. Quatremere. It is a splendid folio volume of about 640 pages, with French and Persian title-pages, adorned with beautiful vignettes; in imitation of the best oriental manuscripts, each page is surrounded with a deep border of arabesques; and though the artists have been guilty of anachronisms in some of their designs, it is one of the most beautiful books ever printed, but perhaps too beautiful for ordinary use. The history of the Mongolian dynasty in Persia, will extend to three volumes; that which has just appeared, brings down the narrative to the death of Hülaikü Khán. The text is accurate, the translation exact, and the

notes prove the great extent of the editor's acquirements.

The second volume of the collection will contain the first part of the *Sháh-Námeh* of Ferdowsi, and will appear early next spring. The *Proverbs* of Meidan, the *Bhagavat Purani*, and the Georgian Code of King Wachtan, are at press. If the French government persevere with this publication, it will become one of the noblest literary trophies of France.

The Asiatic Society of Paris has recently published the first part of the Arabic Geography of Abulfeda, from an autograph manuscript discovered in the library of Leyden. The edition has been carefully superintended by M. Reinaud and another orientalist. The society is about to publish the first livraison of the unfortunate Shulz's Travels, whose assassination in Kurdistan is so justly regretted; it will contain the beginning of his fine collection of cuneiform inscriptions discovered at Wan. Three livraisons of plates, and two of text, will complete the work. The Asiatic Society has also caused a gold medal to be struck, in honour of Mr. Hodgson, the British resident at Nepal, as a mark of gratitude for the service he has rendered oriental literature, by the Sanscrit-Buddhist manuscripts at Nepal, and for his liberality in sending copies of them to various Asiatic Societies.

The great collection of the contemporary histories of the Crusades, which the Academy of Inscriptions undertook to publish, is in a forward state of preparation; it will contain two series, one of European writers, the other of the Arab authors, who have written on the subject. The first volume of the western series is nearly completed, and the printing of the Arabic series is begun.

Baron de Sacy's great work on the Druses is also at press; it will extend to four large volumes, and will contain the text of all the Druse literature, with a translation, and a complete history of the Druse religion; the learned author has been engaged in the preparation of this work nearly twenty years.

Among other oriental novelties, a Syriac Dictionary, by M. Quatremere, and an edition of Ibn Khellekan's Arabic Bibliography, in two volumes quarto, are announced as in a forward state of preparation.

As a postscript to our correspondent's letter, we may state the prospects of oriental literature in this country. The government will neither publish, nor aid publication; the Royal Asiatic Society limits itself to its Quarterly Journal, and the operations of the Oriental Translation Committee are all suspended, from the exhaustion of the fund.

#### NOTES OF A TRAVELLER ON THE THAMES IN 1814 AND 1837.

It is not two months since the pleasure and profit of short excursions, the intelligent spirit in which they are now undertaken, and the superiority of means and appliances in the shape of guide-books and conveyances, now offered to the rambler, were pointed out by you to the notice of your readers. It has occurred to me, then, that a few notes of two visits paid by me to Gravesend—one in the autumn of 1814—the other very recently, might not be wholly valueless, as offering the occasion of drawing a comparison between London past and present, and of pointing out but a few of the wonderful improvements, which science and enterprise have effected within the last five and twenty years.

Steam navigation, being totally unknown on the Thames in 1814, and the sailing packets being often irregular, it was necessary for those intending to visit Gravesend, or any place on the river, to make inquiry concerning the hour of departure, in order to prevent disappointment. This precaution having been complied with, on the occasion I speak of, I left home with a friend at three o'clock one October morning, to walk through the dark and deserted city, then only lighted with a few half-extinguished oil lamps. Notwithstanding the difficulties, and even dangers, attending so early a peregrination through the intricate and lonely streets of Wapping, and its suspicious neighbourhood, we arrived at the Dundee Arms, shortly after four a.m., where we embarked on board a dirty and uncomfortable sailing smack, at that period the usual conveyance to Gravesend, along with nearly thirty other passengers. Soon after leaving the wharf, the weather became rough, the passengers



## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE new number of the *British and Foreign Review* is but indifferent. One or two articles may be read for the direct information they contain, but the majority will be "caviare to the general." It seems to be made up of contributions from all sorts of people, each man writing after his own fancy on any subject which happened to jump with his humour, or fall in with his course of reading. In the opening paragraph, of the leading article on Bancroft's 'History of the United States of America,' we are informed that this important work has not attracted in England the attention it merits; "although it has been published something more than three years, we have the honour, we believe, of being the first to direct to it the attention of English readers." Now, whatever honour may attach to such trifles, we beg leave to put in a claim for it, a review of the work having appeared as leading article in the *Athenæum* on the 23rd of August, 1834.

In advertising last week to certain paragraphs which had been going the round of the papers, concerning the health of one of our principal literary men, we expressed our belief that they were untrue, having, as we fancied, detected his hand-writing in last month's number of the periodical under his care. Since then, we have received letters from the North, which prove, past doubt, that our surmises were well-founded, and, we are glad to say, that the reports in question are wholly unfounded.

We copy, with excusable pride, the following passage from the *Inverness Courier*, and it will be perhaps as satisfactory to our readers as it has been gratifying to ourselves:—"I have just returned," says Sir David Brewster, in a letter with which we have been honoured from that distinguished person, "from the British Association at Liverpool, where we had the most splendid meeting that has yet taken place. The only good account of the proceedings is in the *Athenæum*."

It is impossible to pass without notice the accounts which our contemporaries have published of Rubini's reception at Bergamo, the place of his nativity: they take one back to the days of the Gabriellis and Farnellis. He gave twelve gratuitous representations at Bergamo, in the interval between the Paris and London seasons. We are told of guests from great distances unable to procure beds, and bivouacking in their carriages rather than miss so signal a treat,—of garlands, serenades, &c.,—of a *monstre bouquet* thrown to him, with five large pine-apples for its centre,—and, to crown all, of a statue in marble which is to be erected in his honour in the Place de la Ville. For ourselves, we have been going on far more quietly during the past week; the candidates, Messrs. Horsley, E. Taylor, Bishop, Philipps, and Gauntlett, for the Gresham professorship, have been delivering in turn probationary lectures.

## THE THAMES TUNNEL.

Entrance near the Church at Rotherhithe, on the Surrey side of the River, is open to the Public daily (except Sunday) from Nine in the Morning until dusk.—Admittance One Shilling each.—Both Archways are brilliantly lighted with gas, and the descent is by an easy staircase. The Tunnel is now 750 feet long, and is completed to within sixty yards of low water mark on the Middlesex shore.

Thames Tunnel Office, J. CHARLIER, Clerk to the Company. Walbrook Buildings, Walbrook. N.B. There are Conveyances to the Tunnel, by an Omnibus, every half hour, from Gracechurch-street and Charing-cross; also by the Woolwich and Greenwich Steam-boats, from Hungerford, Queenhithe, Dyer's Hall, and Fresh Wharf, every half-hour; and the Railway Carriages from London Bridge, at every hour.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Oct. 2.—J. F. Stephens, Esq., President, in the chair.—The following memoirs were read:—1. A series of diurnal observations upon the larva of *Athalia centifolia*, or black caterpillar of the turnip, with suggestions as to the best modes for its destruction; communicated by Mr. Sells. 2. Observations on the Hemipterous family, Phymatites of Laporte, with a monograph on the genus *Macrocephalus*; by J. O. Westwood. 3. Observations on the economy of several species of Cæstrideous insects which attack the horse; by Mr. Sells. In this communication, the author entered fully into several points of the natural history of the different species of horse-bots, arriving at conclusions at variance with those of Mr. Bracy Clark. Mr. Saunders exhibited a small, but interesting col-

found it necessary to seek shelter in the cabin or hold, from the wind and rain; but what a place for human beings to congregate in! travellers of the present day could scarcely picture to themselves such a den, unless they thought of a slave ship, or the blackhole of Calcutta. Confined to this filthy and suffocating apartment, where the fumes of tobacco and of spirits, joined to annoyances as offensive to the ears, as the former abominations proved disgusting to our other senses, the place, from being buried in darkness and crowded with men, women, and children, in a short time became almost intolerable; there was no remedy, however, but in quiet submission.

Few incidents worth mentioning occurred during the voyage; and although the prospect around appeared splendid, the clearing up of the weather permitting us to see it from the deck, as a great number of vessels happened to be sailing about, or lying at anchor, whilst the villages of Essex, with the distant and rich hills of Kent, filled up the landscape behind, the excursion was still but dull and monotonous, and at times even tantalizing, especially when our bark was weathering a point of the river; since, during that operation, we were compelled to sail over a good deal of ground, without making adequate progress. But we fared better than some of our neighbours—who, having run aground, were, perforce left sticking in the mud, there to remain, till the tide should turn, and carry them onwards.

By dint of sails, rowing, and the tide, the packet at last made our much desired port late in the evening. We went ashore in a wherry loaded to the water's edge, being both fatigued and hungry, but not allowed to land till we had first paid one shilling each to an insolent waterman, who treated us with abuse, and a good splashing into the bargain—perhaps, because many grumbled at this charge, in addition to the three shillings and sixpence paid for the passage from London. Here again, however, they had no remedy but submission. Safe at last on dry land, forgetful of all our annoyances, we were glad to take shelter at the nearest tavern; and being more than satisfied with the pleasures of such a water party on the Thames, we next day returned by coach to town.

How different is the description of a visit I made the other day to Gravesend. After leisurely breakfasting at my usual hour, treating myself with John Bull's dearest luxury—the morning paper, and satisfying my conscience by reading my General Post letters, I left Hungerford Wharf at a quarter to eleven o'clock, in one of those convenient small steamers which now ply every fifteen minutes betwixt Westminster Bridge and the city, and by this conveyance was landed at London Bridge in ten minutes afterwards. From thence embarking on board the Gravesend steam boat, we started at ten minutes past eleven, along with four other boats, bound to various points on the Thames, each full of passengers, and with its band of music on board. The bustle thereby occasioned, with thousands of people assembled, in the steamers, on the wharfs, and at the parapets of London Bridge; the numerous vessels, either at anchor in the river, or moving about in all directions, joined to the merry tunes of the *banditti*, and the voices of men, made up a scene of such extraordinary vivacity, as could only be witnessed in the port of London. To prove how much steam navigation on the river Thames has increased within these few years past, I may mention, that from London Bridge to Woolwich, I counted sixty steam vessels lying at anchor in the river, besides those repairing and building in the adjoining docks: independent of this large number, there were twenty steaming up or down the Thames, most of them well filled with passengers. Among those we saw under way, the *Caledonia* and *Neptune* most attracted attention, and it was, without exaggeration, a grand sight to contemplate those majestic vessels advancing up the Thames, against both wind and tide, as if these obstructions were nothing. But the triumph of modern steam ship-building is now concentrated in the great western steamer, which was then lying at Blackwall, as large as a first-rate man-of-war; although even this magnificent ship will soon be surpassed by the *Victoria*, at present building at Limehouse, and reported to measure 1,800 tons.

To illustrate the immense traffic which is carried on by means of steam on the Thames, during the present season, it is only necessary to mention, that a steam-boat leaves London Bridge every quarter of

an hour for Greenwich, whilst the same frequent departures take place for Westminster Bridge; and as each of the Greenwich steamers carries from 100 to 150 passengers, the aggregate number of visitors by water to this favourite spot, often amounts, in one day, to 10,000 individuals, especially on a Sunday, whilst as many return. With Woolwich and Gravesend the intercourse is also very great; and to both these places large and commodious steam packets,—or floating taverns, as they may well be called,—depart almost every hour. To Margate, Herne Bay, and other ports on the coast, there are likewise numerous departures of vessels, each affording excellent accommodation, and at a moderate charge; hence the Thames, which in 1814 did not possess even a single steam-boat, is now covered with a number of these admirable and splendid packets, moving about in every direction.

It will be readily believed, that the present journey proved very different to the one I made in 1814, by the ordinary packet; for instead of having to endure more than twelve hours tedious sailing, in a miserable conveyance, this excursion was, in reality, a journey of pleasure, besides being unattended by any annoyance, either of embarking or landing; and after a delightful trip, I arrived at the Town Pier, Gravesend, in exactly three hours and ten minutes from the time of leaving London Bridge. At this commodious landing place, passengers can now step on shore at all times of the tide. Another feature in this aquatic journey should also be mentioned, as it indicates an improvement in the character and bearing of those travelling by water; the company on board the steam packet were mostly respectable-looking persons, whilst neither smoking tobacco, nor drinking, were seen on the after-deck, and there was none of that vulgarity and disgusting behaviour which was often noticed in the passage boats of olden time, the scene all the while being enlivened by the tunes of the musicians; and if refreshments were required, being to be had in abundance in the cabin (or saloon).

Twenty-three years and steam navigation have produced a great change in the general appearance and extent of Gravesend, since even within that short period, the town has undergone a wonderful metamorphosis; houses have risen up on every side,—streets, terraces, and gardens, have been recently constructed, and plans for other buildings are likewise laid out in all directions; whilst baths, taverns, and every requisite for the visitor, are also met with abundantly: in short, the place is changed, both in its outward aspect, and in the character, as well as the appearance of the population crowding its streets.

Having made a general survey of the town, exactly at five minutes past three, P.M., I started from the Town Pier in one of the usual but elegant steam-packets, along with about 200 passengers, having the wind and tide both favourable. Agreeable music, beautiful weather, and the rapidly varying objects seen on every side, although admired but a few hours previously, were nevertheless so striking, that they all tended to make the voyage up to town even more pleasant than the passage down.

Everything being in our favour, the steam-boat made a most rapid progress, notwithstanding the very crowded state of the river, and at a quarter past five I landed on London Bridge Wharf; thus making the passage from Gravesend in two hours and ten minutes,—that is, in less than one-fifth the time I took in the ordinary sailing-packet of 1814, to say nothing of enjoying, in the more modern conveyance by steam, very superior accommodation.

To complete the notice of this day's agreeable excursion, it only remains to mention, that an omnibus brought me home to the western part of London before six o'clock, where, on examining my purse, I found, that the whole expense incurred for a seven hours' agreeable tour, extending, by land and water, to about seventy miles, amounted to the small sum of three shillings and fourpence; being, in fact, not more than the fare I must have alone paid for a hackney-coach from London Bridge to Hyde Park Corner, in those days when "the nuisance," as some delicately call it, was unknown.

Surely the two sketches of a day's pleasure, within the reach of every cockney, are not without their significance; nor, I think, unworthy of being hung up side by side, for the consideration of that numerous and august body—the readers of the *Athenæum*.

lection of insects from the interior of India; and Mr. Westwood specimens of the grub, which, at the present time, is committing serious injury to the turnips in the Midland counties. He also presented specimens of two small beetles, *Apion radiolus* and *Haltica fuscipes*, generally found upon the marsh-mallow, but which he observed to be very injurious to the hollyhock. The same member also presented highly-magnified drawings of the appearance of the secretion emitted by the domestic fly, produced by a disease which causes its death, and which had been considered by Mr. McLeay, at the Liverpool meeting, as a species of parasitic fungus. Numerous donations of books were announced, and other routine business transacted. Francis Walker, Esq., F.L.S., was elected a member of the Society, and certificates were read in favour of other candidates.

## MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES. Zoological Society, (Sci. Business) ½ p. Eight, P.M.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

## DRURY LANE.

This Evening, GUSTAVUS THE THIRD; with THE CHILD OF THE WRECK; and MASANIELLO.  
On Monday, KING JOHN; after which THE CHILD OF THE WRECK.

Tuesday, THE ROAD TO RUIN; with THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.  
Wednesday, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE; after which DER FREISCHUTZ.

## COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, WERNER; after which THE POOR SOLDIER; with THE SPITFIRE.

On Monday, OTHELLO; with THE AFRANCESADO.  
Tuesday, THE PROVOKED HUSBAND; after which THE AFRANCESADO.  
Wednesday, THE BRIDAL; and FRA DIAVOLO.  
Thursday, VIRGINUS.

## NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

That a taste for sound music is on the increase in England some of the works before us sufficiently attest. Our readers know how often we have done our part towards the revival of composition for and performance on the organ, and they will believe us when we say that we were glad to meet with a work belonging to so substantial a class, and implying so much pains and preparation as Mr. Egerton Webbe's *Prelude and Fugue for the Organ, with Pedal Obligato*. This being numbered Op. 1, as a first publication, should be gently treated; but, on the other hand, a work which aspires to the honours which await music of the first order, demands a searching examination; to pass it over with courteous commonplace is an insult. We are then bound to say, that though Mr. Webbe's prelude and fugue exhibit thought, study, and ingenuity, the work is, as a whole, disappointing and deficient; it wants a clear and striking melody for subject; the author has but to think of the pages of Sebastian Bach to remember that the great ancients never wrought save on great thoughts. Again, how is it, that in a composition bearing the signature of a three sharps, the subject and answers for the first thirty or forty bars should be so entirely out of that key? how is it that in a work, professing to be written in five parts, the fifth should be withheld till the eighty-fourth bar, and thenceforward employed capriciously? The prelude appears to us by much the best part of this composition.

Mr. Sale's *Psalms and Hymns, &c.*, and his system of Chanting, form a handsome volume; the contents of which are, as a whole, satisfactory, and valuable as an addition to our stores of parochial music; many of the new psalm tunes (which it has recently become the fashion among our critical brethren to call *Coraes*) are plain, expressive, melodious, and free from that twang of vulgarity which becomes so unpleasant when exaggerated and multiplied by the voices of a numerous congregation. Some of the communion responses, too, by the editor, are sweet and solemn.

The First Volume of Handel's *Songs, Duets, and Trios*, selected and edited by Mr. Bishop, with a piano-forte accompaniment, is welcome—when was ever Handel otherwise? In a well-written and intelligent preface, Mr. Bishop alludes to the deficiencies which exist in the original scores of such directions with respect to performance as put matters of time, &c., beyond controversy, and which, therefore, have made judgment no less than tradition the arbiters of what the *Briarous* must have meant by an *Allegro*, what by a *Largo*, &c. He has, therefore, wisely affixed

to all the songs that metronomic measure which is felt to be the correct one; his compressed accompaniments are rich and flowing, with some slight exceptions: surely the orchestral *tremando* which supports and stimulates the bass voice in 'Why do the nations' was better rendered by Dr. Clarke, than by the single quavers Mr. Bishop has given as its representative. We might extend our remark to one or two other songs; and, as we are cavilling, we will just add, that had we edited the work, we would have given the second parts of every song, because though those omitted are never performed now-a-days, there is no reason why our children, becoming zealous and literal purists (like the Shakespearians of Germany), may not demand their re-introduction. The printing of them would only have cost a few pages, and the work would have been complete "for all time," as it deserves to be, for the handsome and careful manner in which it is got up. It is to consist of four volumes.

From an elephant we come to a mite, one, too, whose existence we do not desire to see prolonged, this being the Rev. J. H. Simpson's tiny collection of *Devotional Music*. To sum up the blunders in this little book would be a waste of good ink and paper. Mr. Edwin Merriott's *System of Teaching Congregations to Sing from Notes* is short and sensible; it is advertised as for the use of schools: we may therefore add that it gave us sincere pleasure to hear the other day in Manchester, that the master manufacturers are intending to introduce part-singing into their factory schools. The success of M. Mainzer's establishment at Paris would, of itself, furnish a sufficient answer to those objectors who fancy that good music cannot be naturalized among the working classes of France and England.

We have now done with sacred music for awhile. Madame Anfossi's *Theoretical and Practical Treatise on the Art of Singing* opens our profane list. This seems to us a very good work for schools as a singing-master's assistant. It contains, it is true, some superfluous definitions, &c. which we should be glad to exchange for additional *soffeggi*, but the directions given are minute and sensible, and the exercises good, graceful, and judiciously varied. We must be brief with the single songs which remain to be noticed, passing over a few *canzoni* and choruses in which our young Queen is be-sung. Mr. Nathan gives us three songs—*Malibran's Farewell to America* and *Queen of Evening*, both of these are commonplace. His *When we two parted* is of a higher order, being sweet and expressive; but the words have, on the whole, been better set by Mr. Lodge. Mr. Moritz Ganz has set *Mignon's* song yet once again, and set it well; but he comes after Beethoven, and would have done more wisely to choose words less distinguished. Mr. McMurdie's *L'Invito* is a *duetto di camera*, but it is as insipid as the feeblest piece of writing of the modern southern school, without that redeeming elegance which is almost always to be traced through the most insipid Italian music. The *Krasnoe Saraphan* is a sprightly Russian air, with translated words. Mr. Wilkinson's *Song of Old Time* would hardly have been written if the Chevalier Neukomm had died in his cradle. M. Marschan's *Voice of Praise* is a very fair cantabile—if not new, agreeable; the same composer's *suite of Valses* bearing the new names of *Zephyr et l'Amour* is very pretty. Mr. Oliver's ballad *I heard them breathe their last Farewell* is one of a hundred thousand commonplace songs. We have lastly *Flowers of Song*, a *Collection of Favourite Songs, Duets*; selected from the *Works of the most celebrated Composers* (Mr. A. Kerr, Mr. W. Kirby, and Mr. L. Sharpe, &c. &c. &c. &c., being among the number!) adapted for the *Voice, Flute, or Violin*.—We had thought that the days for such promiscuous doings were gone out with the old Vauxhall songs.

## MISCELLANEA

*Education Statistics*.—It appears, from official documents, that within the last few years there has been a great and progressive increase in the numbers of pupils and students in the Faculties of Law and Medicine in France, and also in the Secondary and Primary schools. In 1833 the number connected with the Faculty of Law was 4,467; in 1834, 4,897; in 1835, 5,137. In the Faculty of Medicine, in 1833 the number was 2,013; in 1834, 2,416; in

1835, 2,672. In the Secondary schools, not including the Ecclesiastical or Classical schools, the number was in 1833, 59,275; in 1834, 59,926; in 1835, 66,904. In 1829, the number of boys attending the Primary schools was only 969,340. In 1832, it had augmented to 1,200,715; and in 1834 the number had risen to 1,697,391.

*Treatment of Fractures of the Leg*.—At a recent sitting of the French Institute, M. Velpeau read a paper on this subject, and described his mode, differing as it does from the others used by surgeons. One plan consists in waiting for *dégorgement* of the member before applying the apparatus; and another is on the supposition that a moderate pressure hastens the *dégorgement*, and renders the inflammation abortive. M. Velpeau is of opinion that all fractures, even those which are accompanied by lesions of the integuments, ought to be reduced immediately. This operation being performed, he surrounds the member, from the origin of the toes to the superior extremity, with a bandage exerting a small pressure, to keep the fragments in a suitable position, and, instead of employing splints and pads, he stiffens the wrapper formed by the bandage. He at first thought of making use for this purpose of the solidifying liquid of M. Larrey (albumen), but he found it more advantageous to employ starch, as usually prepared by laundresses, in the manner of M. Senti, of Brussels, and to make use of pads of two pieces of paste-board. The desiccation of the whole apparatus takes place in from two to four days. This being once effected, observes M. Velpeau, the member and the bandage are so exactly adapted to each other that displacement becomes impossible. The pressure, being everywhere equal and moderate, supports the tissues, and does not produce the least uneasiness, and the patient may turn himself, move, and act in his bed, as if he had only a simple contusion of the leg. He is not obliged to remain during six weeks or two months in bed, and motionless; he may, without inconvenience, sit up in a high chair (for a slight flexure of the leg is now permitted), and walk with crutches, the foot being supported by a long stirrup passed round the neck. M. Velpeau presented several patients, one of whom fractured his leg on the 13th September, and could walk from the 16th; and another, who had fractured the limb on the 22nd of the same month, and could walk from the 24th.

*New Railway Power*.—A proposition has been made, which has received a favourable consideration, for working an intended railway 300 miles in length, in the state of Virginia, in the United States. There are a series of waterfalls in the immediate vicinity of the whole length of the line, from which it is proposed to cut numerous canals to obtain a head of water for working water-wheels, to be applied in a similar manner as fixed engines for moving the railway carriages.

*Safety Vessels*.—The *Liverpool Standard* announces that the subject of the safety ships proposed by Mr. Williams in his paper before the last meeting of the British Association, has at length engaged the attention of government, and that they are about constructing a series of steam vessels for the home and foreign service on this plan. The interior of these vessels being divided by numerous bulk heads, and not intended for merchandise, they may without inconvenience adopt this arrangement. Separate portions of the vessel, each water-tight, will be appropriated to the engine, boilers, cabins, stove department, and for the accommodation of the crew, &c. An additional advantage arising out of this arrangement is, that in case of being fired into, they will not be in danger of that destruction which would inevitably follow a casualty of the kind to the present class of steam vessels. A very fine steamer, fitted up with three safety bulkheads, was this week launched from the yard of Laird & Co., at Birkenhead.

*Enormous Fish*.—An enormous ray has been found off Feroë, which weighed 384 pounds, was thirteen inches thick, eight feet eight inches long, and six feet two inches wide.

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